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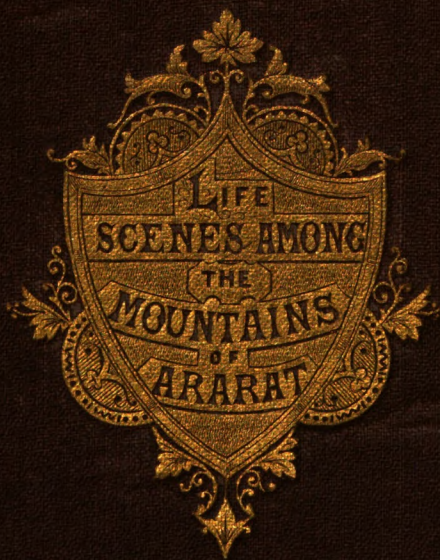
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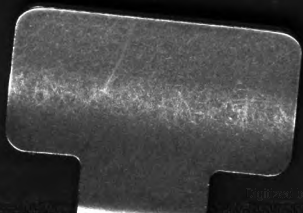
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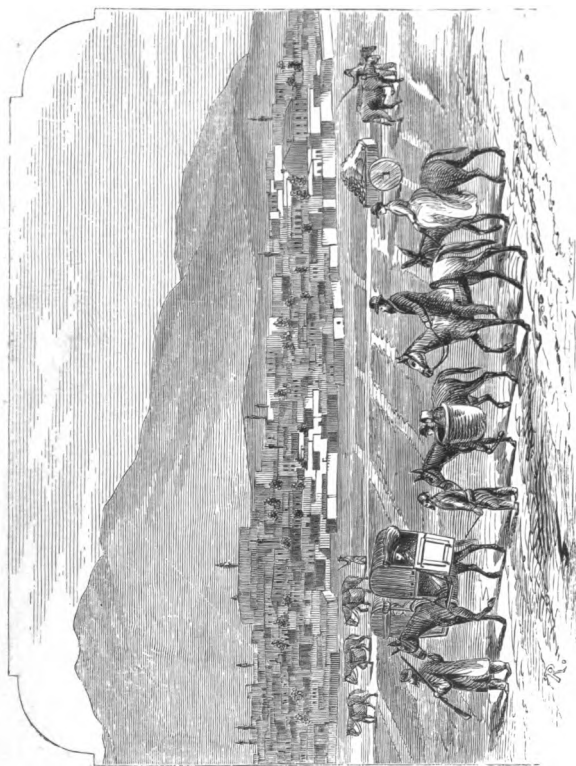
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ERZROOM.

Mountains in the background. Citadel with high flag and watch-tower in the centre. The tall spires are minarets. The large building with sloping roof is the American Church. In the foreground, among the gardens below the city, are seen moffahs (see page 38), an ox-cart (see page 69), baskets with children in them, &c., &c.

"Mountains of Arrarat."

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

WILLIAM A. BAILEY,
THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Massachusetts, 1854.



ERZURUM

Mountains in the background. Citadel with high flag and watch-tower in the distance. The tall spires are minarets. The large building with sloping roof is the American Church. In the foreground, among the people, horses and oxen, are seen mullahs (see page 26), an ox-car (see page 10), and a line of oxen pulling a cart.

"Mountains of Arrarat"

LIFE SCENES

AMONG THE

MOUNTAINS OF ARARAT.

BY
MOSES PAYSON PARMELEE,
MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

And the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat (Armenia).
— GEN. VIII. 4.
And they escaped into the land of Armenia (Ararat).
2 KINGS XIX. 37.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON:
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NO. 13 CORNHILL.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by the
Massachusetts Sabbath School Society,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massa-
chusetts,

To the
CHILDREN AND YOUTH, TEACHERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS,

OF THE

SABBATH-SCHOOLS IN OUR LAND,

*In the hope that they will be moved to engage more
heartily than ever, by their prayers, by their
offerings, by their energies and lives,
in the one great work of
the Church,*

THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD FOR CHRIST,

THESE PAGES

Are respectfully dedicated.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS little volume is an humble attempt to gratify, in some measure, the strong and universal desire of the friends of missions to know more of the manners and customs of the peoples, the physical characteristics of the countries where missionaries labor, and the habits of life, the methods of travel, and the common, perhaps even trivial incidents, which fall to their daily lot.

A complete view of "Life Scenes among the Mountains of Ararat" has not been attempted; that were impossible in a book of this size. Glimpses only the scope of our volume per-

mits, — glimpses only could the busy, hurried readers of these times stop to catch. And if by catching these glimpses of “Life Scenes” clearer views of the work in those regions and new interest in it shall be gained by any, the object of the writer will be fully attained.

The photographs in this volume were taken from pictures in possession of the author, by J. W. Black, of Boston.

M. P. P.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April, 1868.

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LIFE SCENES
AMONG THE
MOUNTAINS OF ARARAT.



CHAPTER I.

ARRIVING.

THE city is in sight!" was the shout which met our ears before leaving our berths in the good steamer "Thessalia," on a lovely morning in July, 1863. With all possible haste, we prepared ourselves to go on deck, when, sure enough, Constantinople, the great oriental metropolis, burst upon our view. At our right was the Asiatic shore with the town Skutari, and the large and beautiful French and English hospitals, built during the

Crimean War, lying at the water's edge. Immediately before us were the dark, clear waters of the Bosphorus, lined on either hand by green, palace-crowned summits. To our left lay the main city, the domes of the mosques and the tall minarets glittering in the rays of the morning sun, the red tiling of the roofs, and the tall, deep-green, solemn cypresses of the cemeteries, mingling their colors and giving peculiar grandeur to the scene. While gazing intently on this glorious sight, new phases of which were constantly opening before us as we moved along, our steamer curved gracefully around the Seraglio point, and cast anchor in the glassy waters of the Golden Horn.

Immediately we were surrounded by small boats, long, sharp, and light, like Indian canoes, each boatman hoping to get a passenger to take ashore. As our steamer was English, several came on board, offering their ser-

vices as interpreters. "I speak English very good," "I show you good hotel," "I show you all city," were the expressions with which they accosted us. But we declined their offers, hoping for better interpreters than they. In this we were not disappointed, for presently our missionary friends came on board, greeting us in the most hearty and cordial manner. Quickly a caique (small boat) was engaged, we and our baggage were passed down the side of the steamer into it, and to the music of gently dipping oars, we glided swiftly toward the shore.

On landing, the custom-house officers took a look into our trunks in the presence of a crowd of spectators, who gathered round to see what new thing might be discovered. They were then placed on the backs of *hämäls* (porters), and we made our way through the crowded streets of the city to the hospitable

home of our missionary friends. There we sat down quite bewildered at the strange and novel sights and sounds we had met during the morning.





CHAPTER II.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE site of Constantinople is one of the loveliest and most favored in the world. It is divided into three principal parts by the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The Bosphorus is a strait about a mile wide, separating European from Asiatic Turkey, and connecting the Black Sea on the north with the Sea of Marmora on the south. It is a beautiful channel of water, deep, pure, and transparent, through which a strong current presses southward into the Marmora, and thence on toward the Mediterranean. Its shores are skirted with hills and rolling ground, which in summer are covered with living green. The Golden Horn is a long and

narrow bay, opening out of the Bosphorus westwardly at its juncture with the Sea of Marmora. These waters afford one of the finest harbors in the world, and are alive with shipping of every description. At the point where these three — the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora — unite, stands the city. The principal part, that which was the ancient Constantinople and Byzantium, lies in the angle between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, the extreme eastern point touching the Bosphorus as it widens into the sea. Around a portion of this part of the city, may still be seen the walls built in the times of Roman occupation, and on this extreme eastern point stand the remains of the Seraglio, the old palace of the Sultan lately burned. This part of the city is called Stamboul, a name which, by the Turks, is also applied to the whole city. The inhabitants of Stamboul are largely Turks; the

shops are mostly open stalls, or long, open bazaars, after the Eastern style ; and the houses, old rickety structures, overhanging the street. Skutari is on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. Galata lies north of the Golden Horn, adjoining which is Pera, the European section of the city, which more resembles Paris than an Eastern city.

A substantial pontoon-bridge crosses the Horn, about a half a mile from its mouth, connecting Stamboul with Galata. Across this an immense living tide pours back and forth day and night. Occasionally, a genteel carriage passes along ; a little more frequently, a clumsy Russian vehicle, which is seen filled with veiled Turkish ladies, the driver walking by the side of the carriage. A sedan-chair, carried by two *hämäls*, is a common sight. Horsemen pass frequently ; but the throng are on foot, each one of whom pays a toll of ten paras, or about one cent.

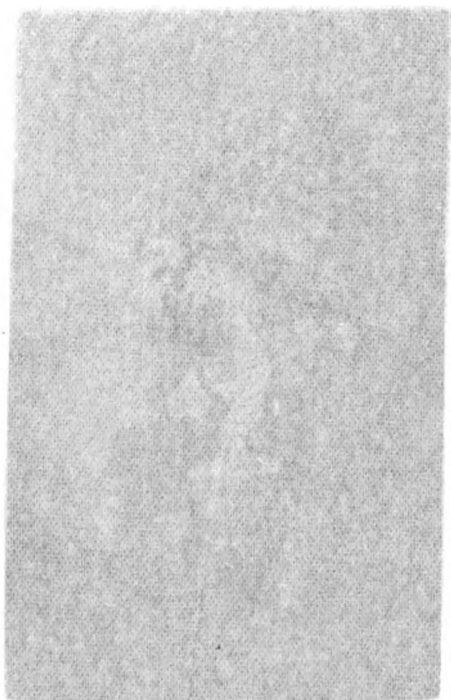
To one standing on this bridge, a stirring and interesting scene presents itself. On the bridge itself are people of nearly every nationality, shade of color, dress, and language. There are Persians, Egyptians, Russians, Europeans, Americans, and natives of different provinces in Turkey, each one wearing the costume peculiar to his race or region, each speaking a distinct language. Then there are the large steamships lying at anchor in the Bay, resting in quiet majesty on the face of the clear waters. Here is a steamer slowly moving out to sea ; there is another as quietly coming in. Here are a half-dozen black and noisy ferry-boats, fastened to the bridge, taking in or pouring out their stream of passengers ; a half-dozen more are moving in or out, their whistles screaming, their smoke-stacks filling the air with black clouds of smoke, and their fluttering side-wheels stirring the water into an angry foam. And in the midst of all this

bustle of steam craft, glide hundreds of caiques like so many fairies. It seems impossible that all should go unharmed. Breathless you watch their hair-breadth escapes as they pass under the prows of steamers, or dance on the waves made by their wake. But no one gets hurt; each one seems to move along as if the way were entirely clear, and apparently thoughtless of danger. Indeed, you will soon partake of the prevalent indifference, and will risk yourself in a caique in those same exposed places, without the least quickening of pulse.

The streets of Constantinople are, for the most part, narrow and filthy, with rough and ragged pavements. Pitiabie beggars, men and women deformed, blind, or full of sores, sit at every corner; swarms of dogs, vile, ravenous, and filthy, meet you on every hand; and hot and disagreeable gusts come up from eating-houses, where absurd Eastern dishes are

cooked and eaten ; and, until the cholera quickened the Turkish sensibilities, dead animals were allowed to fill the air with nauseating and miasmatic odors.

The hāmäl is a curious and interesting sight to a stranger. He wears a kind of wedge-shaped pack-saddle on his back, suspended from the shoulders, the thicker part resting a little below the small of the back. On this he carries enormous burdens, — some say four or five hundred pounds at a time. He is a sight, at least, as he moves along, bowing low, with his short shalwars (breeches), his bare calves, the muscles swollen and quivering under their task, his feet wide apart, his steps short and labored, his face earthward and streaming with sweat. Nor does his burden consist of baggage alone. The hāmäl is not only the baggage-wagon of Turkey, he is also the dray-cart. He carries boxes and bales of merchandise ; he bends under plates of copper, and bars



A Journal of Porter under his Gun

1875

It is not possible to make a simple statement about the value of the χ^2 test. The value of the χ^2 test is a function of the sample size, the number of categories, and the distribution of the data. In general, the χ^2 test is more powerful than the binomial test when the sample size is large and the number of categories is small. However, the χ^2 test is less powerful than the binomial test when the sample size is small and the number of categories is large. Therefore, the choice of test should be based on the specific characteristics of the data and the research question.



A Hämal or Porter under his Burden.

p. 18.

of lead and iron. And when the burden is too great for one, it is suspended from a pole, which rests on the shoulders of two *hämäls*; and if too heavy for two, four, six, or eight are attached to the burden in the same way. I once saw eight carrying one burden, which chanced to be an ox-skin *filled with butter*, which, under the hot July sun, was reduced to the consistency of oil. This the motion of the skin plainly indicated.

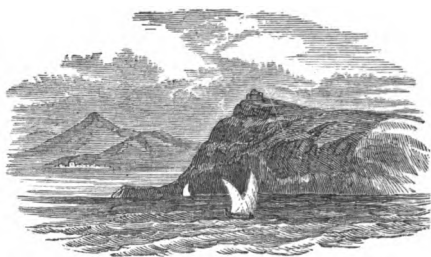
The street dogs — repulsive and disgusting though they are — are a striking feature of the city. These dogs have no masters or regular home, but lie about the streets, living on the precarious morsels cast away by men. The dog is sacred to the Moslem, and although he knows little or nothing of the noble traits of that animal, he carefully avoids taking his life, even though by so doing he would prevent much misery. As a consequence, they multiply rapidly, and from exposure and hard

knocks their hair becomes coarse and bristly. They grow lean and wolfish; from repeated quarrels, their ears and faces and haunches are scarred and disfigured; and as old age creeps on, they are full of sores and vermin, pitiable objects to behold. They rarely ever go a block from the spot in which they were born, as by a canine understanding, or rule, a certain range is prescribed to a certain community of dogs, and woe be to that dog that gets beyond his range. The whole community invaded pounces at once upon the guilty intruder, who is fortunate if he gets back to his place with a whole skin.

Should you visit Constantinople in midsummer, you would be very likely to lose your strength under its debilitating heat, and your appetite in the midst of its unpleasant sights and smells. But should you be able to retain these, there is one trifold scourge which, I am sure, you would not escape, — that is, the com-

bined attack of mosquitoes, fleas, and sand-flies. You know what it is to suffer from the first ; the second are more annoying because they give no notice of their approach, but creep stealthily under your clothing and grow fat on your blood, regardless of your writhings. But the third are the worst of all, because you cannot hear them, and with difficulty can you see them ; and yet their bite is as poisonous as that of the others. And should you lodge in an old Turkish house, you would find the crevices in the floors and walls alive with an offensive little animal, whose ordinary field of operations is limited to bed and bedding. Any one of these is bad enough ; but to encounter all at once, is martyrdom indeed. They will not allow sleep at night, nor peace by day ; you may bathe in camphor and ammonia, you may roll in flea-powder ; it is of little use, — they will defy you to hinder them in their depredations.

But we must not linger to talk of things in Constantinople, be they the grandeur of her mosques and palaces, or the curious or repulsive sights of her streets. Our story carries us on to other scenes, to which we hasten.





CHAPTER III.

CONSTANTINOPLE TO TREBIZOND.

WE set out for Trebizond in a French steamer, one of the *Messageries Imperiel*, an immense Marseilles company, whose steamers fill these eastern waters. Our embarkation was more difficult and perilous than we had expected. You must know that steamers do not lie at a wharf from which you can walk quietly on board; they invariably remain at anchor a little distance from the shore, offering no other facilities to comers and goers than a flight of stairs descending the side of the steamer to the water's edge. Ordinarily, a row up to the stairway is a simple and pleasant matter; but on approaching our steamer within an hour or two of its ap-

pointed time of departure, we found the stairway completely hemmed in, to the depth of two or three hundred yards, by a motley crowd of large and small boats,—some filled with baggage, some with passengers, some trying to get out, some trying to get in, the boatmen and their passengers all roaring at the top of their voices and violently gesticulating, altogether producing a scene of the utmost turmoil and confusion. Our missionary friend, Mr. Herrick, who was our pilot, and whose familiarity with the Turkish language and with similar scenes made him an admirable one, urged the caiquegee (boatman) to press through the crowd. He declared his frail boat would be crushed, and began to demand the price of it in advance. We soon saw the hopelessness of such an attempt, and resolved to try the perilous expedient of jumping from boat to boat till we reached the stairway. This, with difficulty, accom-

plished, we were brought to a stand, our skill and energy baffled in the attempt to press through the throng that huddled on the stairs. There we might have remained until this day, or been hustled into the water, had not a brawny *attaché* of the steamer observed our awkward position, and with well-aimed and vigorous blows, right and left, cleared a passage for us.

Reaching the deck, our bright anticipations of pleasant promenades were quickly dispelled by the sight of such a crowd as our eyes never rested on before. Every nationality which this great Eastern Babel could furnish was here represented, — Persians, Armenians, Koords, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Circassians, Russians, — each with his own bedding and baggage and the unnamed myriads who kept them company, filling every crevice and corner, blocking up every passage from bow to stern. Some Mohammedans

were returning from their long and devout pilgrimage to the holy shrine of the Caaba at Mecca ; some were Christian pilgrims, just from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem ; others were laborers who, having accumulated a little money in the capital, were now returning to their homes and families in the interior. Treading on numerous toes, bestriding many legs and bodies, we at last drew a long breath in our staterooms. And here we should have been obliged to coop ourselves up for the whole passage, had not the captain offered us a place on the officers' bridge, where passengers are usually forbidden to go.

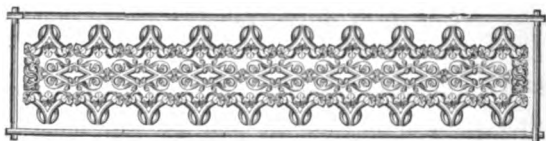
We passed through the clear waters of the Bosphorus just at evening, the lovely green slopes along its shores reflecting the bright rays of the setting sun. As night closed upon us, we found ourselves in the dark, turbid waters of the Black Sea, celebrated for its violent storms and numerous wrecks.

Our passage, however, was very quiet, and diversified with the picturesque and ever-changing views of the green mountains and slopes of the coast, deeply cut with fantastic gorges, dotted here and there with houses and hamlets, with their accompanying fields of fruit and grain stretching far up the mountain sides. At every stopping-place the same scene of tumult and confusion ensued in getting on and off. An officer of the steamer was regularly stationed in the gangway, whose lungs and muscles were used most vigorously to prevent riot.

On reaching Trebizond, we began to realize how embarrassing it is to go about without being able to talk to anybody. On the steamer, our imperfect French answered very well, and at Trebizond we hoped to meet the Protestant pastor, who speaks English; but by some mistake he was not apprised of our coming, and was away in the country. We were left,

therefore, to engineer our way alone. Putting myself in charge of a guide who knew a few words of English, I first went ashore in search of the English consulate. Fortunately, we soon met the Protestant teacher, who knew enough English to act as interpreter. Disembarking, we found nearly as perilous as had been our embarkation, — not from the throng, which had dispersed, but from the rolling of the steamer, which kept the stairway moving several feet up and down. Standing on the lower step, and grasping firmly the rope by which the stairway is suspended, you watch your opportunity, and at just the right moment, when the stairway and boat are nearest together, you make a dexterous leap, alighting in the boat. Once safely there, a few moments of tossing on the sea-swell brought us to shore, and soon we were comfortably lodged in the Protestant Armenian pastor's house.

An incident occurred at this time which illustrates a custom as old as the days of Abraham. When I asked my guide how much I should pay him, he replied, "Nothing." Not being so familiar with Eastern customs as was Abraham, I was more surprised than was he when the sons of Heth proposed to *give* him the field and cave of Machpelah for a burial place. I soon found that as it was the design of the sons of Heth to take advantage of Abraham's circumstances, and extort from him an exorbitant sum, so my guide intended I should pay him at least double price.



CHAPTER IV.

TREBIZOND.

THIS is a very pretty city. It is built on land which rises from the seaside, so that nearly every house, overlooking those below it, commands a fine view of the sea with its roaring waves, its white sails, and black steamers. The houses are generally white, with sloping roofs covered with brick tiling, — scarcely differing in appearance from those in a European or American city. There are also many gardens with lemon, orange, and fig trees, where, even in mid-winter, the roses put forth blossoms and the trees are covered with green leaves. The hills surrounding it are very beautiful, studded with farm-houses and covered with living green. Back of the

city rise high mountains, whose forests of purple, golden, and green, and whose towering peaks, in winter snow-capped, remind one much of the mountain scenery of New England.

It has no such beautiful harbor as the Golden Horn, or such placid waters as the Bosphorus. The angry waves of the sea roll unobstructed to the very foundations of the houses; so that in boisterous weather no ship can safely ride at anchor near its shores. There are no mosques and palaces to compare with those in Constantinople, but the appearance of its common dwelling-houses is decidedly superior, while the streets are not so filthy nor infested with so many dogs.

Trebizond has a very interesting history, extending over a period of more than two thousand years. While our Saviour was walking about the land of Judea, teaching and preaching, little fishing-boats dotted the

waters of this bay ; the busy throng pressed through these streets, and traded in these markets. Originally it was a Greek colony bearing the name Trapezus, from a high table-rock which overhangs the city, its present name being a corruption of this word. It was a considerable town when Xenophon reached it with his ten thousand while on his famous retreat. A portion of the old walls may still be seen, and many buildings are very old, though the greater part of the city is comparatively modern. It has for many years been the seaport for all eastern Asia Minor, Persia, and a portion of Russia, and since steamers have found their way to its shores, its trade has rapidly increased, until now it is the most important city on the southern coast of the Black Sea.

Its population, not less than thirty thousand, is made up of all languages and tribes, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians forming the greater part. Europeans are also pressing in, who,

with their new fashions and manners, are a striking feature of the place.

In company with the pastor, I called on the Pasha, who was an unusually intelligent Turk. The object of my call was to obtain a kind of passport, which is not absolutely necessary, though very desirable, for a foreigner travelling in Turkey. This paper introduces the one bearing it to those whom he may meet, commanding them to receive him hospitably and assist him on his way.

Entering the Pasha's Serai, or palace, we passed through a hall filled with persons waiting for the trial of their cases, then up a flight of stairs, and were ushered immediately into the Pasha's presence. He sat with crossed legs, Turkish fashion, at the end of a divan which extended across one side of the room. He was dressed in Frank or European clothes, except the red fez or Turkish cap, which is never removed from the head during

the day. A small table stood before him, which held his ink, sand, etc., while he was busy examining official papers which lay scattered about his feet. These, one by one, holding them in his left hand, and resting them upon his left knee, he approved or disapproved with a stroke of his pen of reed ; then throwing them on the floor, directed the attendant what disposal to make of them. On seeing us enter, he rose to greet us. My friend, the pastor, bowed low before him in token of homage, and touching the floor with the back of the right hand, saluted him as he rose by passing the hand gracefully from the beard to the forehead and dropping it at his side. Not being familiar with this form of salutation, and not wishing to accord allegiance where it was not due, I saluted him precisely as I would my neighbor at home, and removing my hat, accepted the proffered seat on the divan.

We were scarcely seated when an attendant

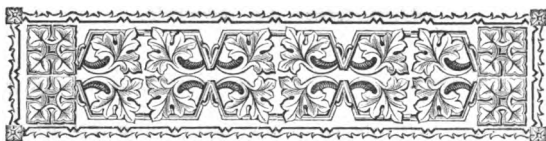
entered with two tiny cups of coffee on a waiter. By the side of each cup was a little standard, into which the cup would exactly fit. In receiving the coffee, you would first place the cup in the standard and take them from the waiter. The coffee is without milk or sugar, black and thick with grounds. The moment you have swallowed the last drop, hot and bitter, the attendant is ready to take your cup; when you are to restore the cup and standard to their original positions on the waiter.

The Pasha was quite sociable, making many inquiries respecting America, and the war then in progress. He very cordially promised the passport; and after mutual expressions of good-will,—hollow enough on his part, as I afterwards had reason to believe,—we took our leave.

What was our surprise when within an hour the Pasha and his escort were announced at

the door of the pastor's house, bringing my passport. In what pleasing contrast these friendly interchanges now with the intolerance and persecution of a few years ago !





CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

WE had now come to the end of steam-travel, nor could we use wheels of any kind; we must make our slow and toilsome way on horseback, over high and rugged mountains.

In preparation for this and similar journeys, we had brought many things from America, — saddles and bridles, camp bedsteads and bedding, cooking utensils, and woollen and rubber clothing to protect us from the cold and rain. In addition, our kind friends in Constantinople had put up many little comforts, which experience had taught them were desirable in such a journey. But, after all, many things remained to be arranged at Treb-

izond. One of these was to provide something more comfortable than the saddle for my wife, who had become sorely prostrated by the violent sea-sickness of three successive voyages.

There are two devices common in Turkey for the greater comfort of travellers, one of which is absolutely necessary in case of invalids and small children. One is called a "täkhtravän," which is a box with a covered top, about the size of a carriage-body, resting on two shafts, which extend far enough forward and backward for a horse or mule to stand between them. Attached to these animals, the täkhtravän is easily carried by them, one walking before and the other behind, and forms a very comfortable vehicle for one or two persons. • The "moffah" is a simpler and more common contrivance. It consists of two boxes about two feet and a half long by a foot and a half wide and deep, a little flaring at the top, covered with waxed cloth, and having

curtains at the sides. These, attached to the two sides of one horse, properly cushioned, serve for two persons, though furnishing rather narrow quarters. This vehicle we decided to employ; and as there was only one person to occupy it, we put baggage in the opposite side to balance. At the same time, we thought best to put the lady's saddle on the extra horse we would be expected to engage as a relay for the moffah horse, that there might be an occasional change from the moffah to the saddle and *vice versa*.

I may as well add here that, after a trial of the moffah for about fifteen minutes, my wife could not be induced to enter it again. Nor is it strange one does not easily become accustomed to such a vehicle. Aside from the confinement of such narrow quarters, there is a sense of great insecurity. When you sit firmly in a saddle, you feel that there is something solid and substantial under you. But

to be *hung* on the side of a horse, with nothing directly under, gives you the irresistible impression that you are going hopelessly down, — an impression which is not removed by a glimpse over the side of the moffah down a precipice a hundred feet high. And this feeling of insecurity is not altogether imaginary. The horse bears an enormous burden of from three to four hundred pounds, and is very liable to stumble. To guard against this, a man is appointed to lead the moffah-horse at a moderate pace, and in the best parts of the road. There is danger, also, from the breaking of straps or ropes by which it is fastened to the horse. A few minutes after my wife had vacated hers, while the horse was going up a steep place, a strap broke, sending the moffahs rolling and tumbling down the hill. It was a kind Providence that no one was in them.

Our moffah secured, we were next to engage horses. The first thing in this process is

to visit the "market," or business part of the city, in search of a muleteer having the requisite number of suitable animals. Such a one being found, next follows a long bantering as to the price per horse, carried on with much loud talk and many violent gesticulations. This settled, the muleteer will attempt to introduce as many horses as possible. Then the number of days to be on the road is to be arranged; it being a singular fact that the muleteer will prefer the longer time, though the expense of keeping his horses is his own. Not to travel on the Lord's day is also to be distinctly specified. The bargain with our muleteer, Mohammed (not the false prophet himself, only a namesake), was for eight horses, at a hundred and thirty piastres* each, one-half payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of the journey, to spend the Sabbath at Bai-boort, and to reach Erzroom on the next week Wednesday.

* A piastre is about four cents.

It was near night of the day appointed to start when these matters were arranged, and though the weather and the hour were decidedly unpropitious, we feared to delay a moment, lest some new demand of the muleteer should open again the long and vexed discussion. So at last, amidst a crowd of gazers who had gathered to hear and to engage in the debate, our baggage was started, and we, after bidding our kind friends adieu, mounted our horses and followed on.

We had scarcely taken our last look of the city and the sea from the brow of the height just back of the town, when a terrific shower burst upon us so suddenly, that we were thoroughly drenched before our rubber goods could be made available. And before the shower was over, night closed in upon us with the blackness of Egyptian darkness. We half repented our rashness in starting at such an hour. But there was no turning back; our

goods were before, and we must press on. I dismounted, and giving my horse to our interpreter, — the only one then with us, — I took the bridle of my wife's horse, and for over an hour literally felt our way through mud and water, rain and darkness, and — as we afterwards saw when passing the same place by daylight — along the brink of a frightful precipice.

At last the welcome light of a khän beamed on our anxious gaze, reaching which, we found our baggage already safely housed in a room secured for our lodging. Soon we were hovering over a pot of burning charcoal, trying to warm and dry ourselves. Such a fire is frequently mentioned in the Bible. (John xviii. 18 and xxi. 9.) It was so late, we concluded not to put up our bedsteads, but throw our bedding on the matting on the floor. The manner in which the battalions of fleas marched over our bodies, draining our blood during

all that long, sleepless night, taught us never to do that again.

Morning brought with it better weather and a fairer prospect. We could now survey our party, one of which was an old Turk, whose groans, from an adjoining room in the khän, had fallen on our wakeful ears during the night. He was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca and the tomb of the prophet; and now, worn and sick, was performing the last stage of his homeward journey. When I saw this man suffering so much in the service of an impostor, I thought what a rebuke to the Christian, if he shrinks from any toil or self-denial in behalf of our glorious Redeemer. We counted four muleteers who walked among the horses, driving them much as you would drive cattle, caring for them morning, noon, and night.

Our course lay, at first, along a rushing mountain stream, occasionally fording it. The

mountains rose high on either side, cleft by deep gorges and covered with beautiful green. Here and there, fields of golden grain pushed their way far up the mountain sides, encircling quiet cottages, which seemed more to hang than to stand on the steep declivity. At times the mountains fell back from the stream, leaving a wide and beautiful cultivated valley between. At other times they crowded so close upon the stream as to force our narrow path far up the mountain side, so that the slightest misstep would have sent us rolling hundreds of feet to the abyss below. In fact, a great part of our mountain route was attended with this danger.

At last, leaving the stream to our right, we began the slow and toilsome ascent of the mountains. This was literally climbing, our zigzag course carrying us not so much forward as upward. For hours we seemed not to advance, except as objects that were at first

far above us gradually fell below us ; and the gorge, out of which we had come, grew deep and dark. Although our elevation was getting dizzy and fearful, the prospect was grand and delightful beyond description. The farm-dotted declivity opposite, the mountains raising their heads, one behind the other, as far as the eye could reach, the yawning chasm below, the height above yet to be surmounted, formed a scene of indescribable grandeur and beauty. Our caravan, and others which had joined us,—a part scaling some height far above us, a part below us, surmounting some difficulty we had just passed, the horses, with pleading eyes and dilated nostrils, struggling hard under their burdens, the muleteers stepping leisurely from stone to stone, and shouting at their horses, — added a novel and striking feature to the scene.

We soon found ourselves in the very midst of the clouds. For two days they poured

their cold mist and sleet upon us, cutting off the grand views we might otherwise have enjoyed, and obliging us to appropriate our last article of woollen and rubber goods to keep warm and dry. And even then we suffered much from cold, though it was August. All trees disappeared, but the luxuriant grass thrived greatly in spite of the cold, — a grateful fact to the shepherds, who, with their numerous flocks and herds, covered the mountains. There was something peculiarly impressive in thus riding in the midst of the clouds at an elevation of more than ten thousand feet. Sometimes a cloud rolled its vast proportions up a ravine far below us, and we would calmly watch it, until its cold mist swept over and around us. Then again a cloud, having come in contact with a cliff far above, poured torrents of water upon us. Thus they played about us, like the battalions of two armies in deadly conflict, while we,

like the trees of the battle-field, received the majority of the shots.

As we descended the inland slope of the mountains, the verdure gradually disappeared ; and when we reached the plain of Baiboort, everything was brown and parched under the burning rays of the sun. A long ride across this plain under the hot sun of Saturday afternoon brought us just at dusk to Baiboort, where we were happily surprised to meet Dr. Nutting, of Diarbekir, who, chancing to be at Erzroom, and hearing of our coming, had come thus far to escort us on our way. We immediately took possession of the room he had provided for us, and settled down for a Sabbath of rest, which we so much needed, after the unusual and wearisome experiences of the week.



CHAPTER VI.

OUR RECEPTION.

BAIBOORT is a considerable town situated in a position curiously sheltered by surrounding hills, on one of which are the remains of an ancient Armenian citadel, where, in times of peril, the inhabitants of the town took refuge, and which even to this day bears marks of many bloody and fiery scenes in the years long gone by. A river finds its way through the midst of the town, irrigating its gardens and turning its mills, and finding its way in a north-easterly direction into the Black Sea.

We passed a quiet Sabbath, without the privilege of attending on the pure worship of God, even in an unknown tongue. My wife

had become so far prostrated by the unusual and severe exercise of horseback-riding that we thought of engaging for her benefit an ox-cart, which the road would permit us to use from this place to Erzroom. It seemed, however, there was not much choice, and we concluded to take a day or two more of time, and to finish our journey as we had begun it. And the doctor further relieved my wife's condition by taking for himself the muleteer's stiff-legged animal she had thus far ridden, giving her his own easy and elastic-gaited pony.

For nearly three days we followed up the valley of the Baiboort River. We then crossed another range of mountains, from whose summit we had a delightful view of the Erzroom plain, dotted with villages, — not like those of New England, filled with neatly-painted wooden houses and the spires of comely and tasteful churches, but mud-colored huts, with

flat mud roofs, so much like the surrounding plain, that only a practised eye could readily distinguish them. Cultivated fields checkered the plain, but no forests or fences were to be seen, and only here and there a straggling poplar-tree. In the haze of the dim distance — more than thirty miles away — stood Erzroom, a dark line faintly visible at the foot of the distant mountains.

At length we reached our last stopping-place. For five hours we had been travelling under the hot sun of the Erzroom plain, most of the time the city being distinctly in view. Three hours more would bring us to our journey's end. Though greatly jaded and worn, — indeed, my wife had many times been obliged to prostrate herself on the grass, to gather a little strength with which to proceed, — yet we felt great animation that so soon we should be able to *rest*. In the morning we were cheered to see several of the native

brethren, who had come out thus far to welcome us. Through an interpreter they said to us, "We have long been looking for you, and now you have come, our joy is full."

At six we were on the road hurrying on to anticipate our missionary friends, whom we expected to meet on the plain. Our horses seemed to catch the inspiration, and dashed along at a marvellous pace, leaving the baggage far behind. We kept straining our eyes to catch sight, if possible, of our approaching friends. We first met a "cart-load" of school-girls. On seeing us, they got down from the cart, and ranging themselves in line by the roadside, began to sing some of the sweet Sunday-school melodies so well known in this country. We acknowledged their welcome as well as we could, without being able to say a word, and passed on.

At last we thought we discovered something fluttering over an ox-cart. Very soon we saw

it was the "dear old flag." Oh, how did our hearts leap for joy as we gazed once more, in this far-off land, on the beautiful "stars and stripes!" On coming nearer, we saw the ladies, Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Nutting, in the cart with their children, while Mr. Pollard rode his fine bay pony.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting itself,—the pressing of hands and lips. You would have supposed us old companions, long separated, but now happily brought together. My wife was almost literally torn from her saddle to ride with the ladies in the cart, which had been so cushioned as to be very comfortable; while I rode along with Mr. Pollard, chatting familiarly, as if it were *not* the first time we had ever seen each other's faces. Soon we met the children of the boys' school, who had come out on foot, and who gave us a greeting similar to that given by the girls.

As soon as the excitement of the first meet-

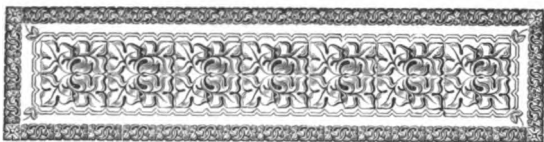
ing was over, we noticed several white flags raised at the corners of the cart on which were mottoes "Welcome," "Love," etc. Besides, little Sammy Pollard carried a small American flag in his hand, smaller than the one raised at the front of the cart, but which attracted quite as much attention, owing to his violent flourishes.

By this time our numbers had come to be quite large; the children of the schools, the native and missionary brethren, and our own train, altogether, occasioned quite a staring as we entered the city. If this demonstration had been intended for us personally, we should have imagined ourselves very important people. But as it was wholly in honor of the *cause* which we had come to help along, we had no right to take any honor to ourselves.

At last we stood within the house of our associates, finding over one of the doors the

word "HOME," which went with a thrill through our weary, longing hearts. Over another door was the word "PEACE." How beautiful and appropriate! After many weary weeks of tossing on the restless billows of the deep, as strangers and wanderers, toiling across rugged mountains in cold and storm and sun, what could be more refreshing than a QUIET, PEACEFUL HOME?





CHAPTER VII.

OUR NEW HOME.

ERZROOM stands near the south-eastern extremity of an extensive and beautiful plain, thirty to forty miles long by fifteen to twenty wide. A branch of the river Euphrates — the great river of Scripture, now called Eprat — flows in a westerly direction a few miles north of the city. The plain is completely surrounded by grand old ranges of mountains, whose gray heads tower up into the region of eternal snow. From the city the view of these is very interesting, whether you look across the plain northward, or gaze at those peaks which on the south overhang the city — though to one accustomed to the luxuriant foliage of our American mountains they

seem very naked — without one tree or shrub. To us, however, as soon as we came to look upon them as familiar *home* objects, — like the plain face of a kind-hearted friend, — they began to seem friendly and beautiful. The plain, with its ever-changing dress, — from green to plaid, from plaid to golden, from golden to white, — is always a pretty sight.

Erzroom has an elevation of more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, or about the height of Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountain group. This elevation causes a very cold climate. The impression prevails with many that it is a polar climate, and that any one obliged to live there — for six months yearly cut off from the outside world, imprisoned in his house by the intense cold — suffers a worse than Siberian exile. This impression is a mistaken one. There is, indeed, considerable snow, and the mercury sometimes gets down

to twenty degrees or more below zero ; still, the communication with the outer world is never cut off. Our weekly post rarely ever fails to reach us, and caravans are constantly passing to and fro. Then the climate is so free from sudden and violent changes ; the heat of summer and the cold of winter come and go so quietly and imperceptibly ; and withal the air is so dry and stimulating, that the severity of the weather is scarcely noticed. The atmosphere is peculiarly rare and transparent. The stars shine with extraordinary brilliancy, and on a clear winter's day, span-gles of frost, floating in the air, sparkle in the sunlight like so many diamonds. I believe it is the *healthiest climate in the world*. Children die of exposure or neglect ; the filthy and careless habits of the people cause an occasional fever ; small pox and similar epidemics take their share of victims, but could one half of the care be used there which is com-

mon in more civilized lands, death from disease would be a rare occurrence. I never saw a case of pulmonary consumption among the natives in Erzroom.

According to the majority of commentators, this is the region in which was located the Garden of Eden. No other part of the earth so well answers the description in Genesis, though, unless its climate has greatly changed, it must have been rather cold for the style of dress which prevailed in Paradise before the fall! The Euphrates and Tigris (Hiddekel), two of the rivers of Eden, rise in this vicinity. There are two other rivers which may have been the Pison and the Gihon, — the Araxes, which flows eastwardly into the Caspian, and the Tchorook, which finds its way into the Black Sea. If these were the rivers of Eden, “parted into four heads,” its site could not have been far from Erzroom.

It may be, too, that the Ark rested near here.

Ararat raises its head 17,600 feet high, one hundred and fifty miles east of Erzroom on the Persian border. But the Scripture says the ark rested on the "*mountains of Ararat*" or Armenia, which were as likely to be those surrounding Erzroom as any others.

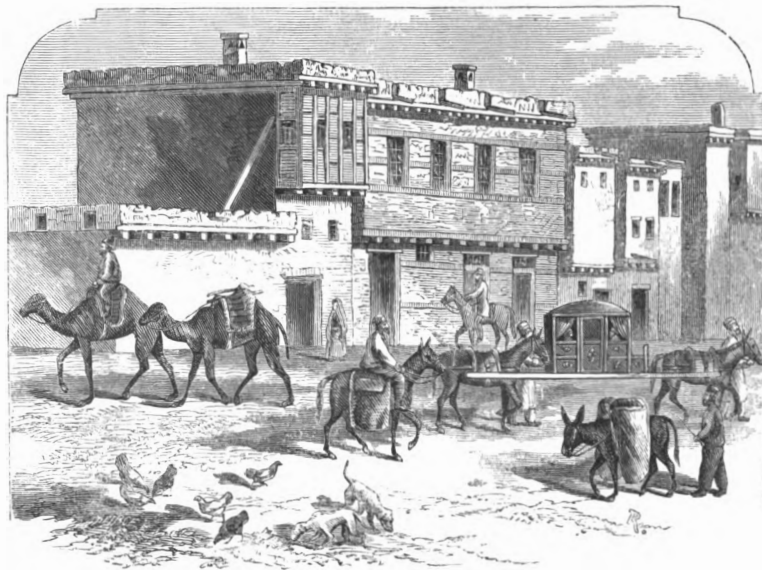
How long the site of Erzroom may have been occupied as a city is not known. The present city dates back to the fourth Christian century, and was founded by Theodosius, then Emperor at Constantinople, and from him took the name Theodosiopolis. It was built chiefly for defence, as the position commanded the main thoroughfare from Persia to the west. It was therefore made as strong as the war science of that day could make it. The original city is surrounded by a double wall of solid stone, each some six feet in thickness, with numerous bastions and watch-towers. Besides, a massive citadel was built on a hill near the centre of the city, surrounded by a

third wall stronger even than the others. Before the days of gunpowder, these were amply sufficient for defence, and even now they would a good while resist a hundred-pounder Parrott. Large portions of them have been thrown down by earthquakes, and the stone carried away for building purposes, and the greater part of the city is outside these old walls.

The houses are built chiefly of stone and sun-dried bricks ; sometimes of burnt bricks, but *never* of wood. They are generally only one story high, very low, with flat roofs, made of earth. These roofs are built by laying heavy timbers across from wall to wall. Upon these are placed small sticks, round or split, such as the builder may have at hand. On these sticks are spread shavings or brush, and over all is thrown earth to the depth of two or three feet. This earth is beaten down hard, and the surface so graded that the water is

gathered in channels, from which, by means of spouts, it is carried a foot or more beyond the eaves. A large cylindrical stone is constantly kept on the roof, and is rolled about just as a fresh rain begins to moisten the top, so that it will the more readily shed the water. If this precaution is neglected, the water will filter through and flood everything within. The rain broke into our sleeping apartment one night, and before morning the floor was a pond, and nothing but rubber blankets saved us from a thorough drenching.

The upper story — where there *is* one — usually juts over the lower, giving you the impression as you walk along the streets, that it is going to fall on your head. Most of the windows are guarded with iron gratings, not like a prison, to keep culprits in, but to keep burglars out. The windows of the lower story are usually small, and placed high, to keep rude persons from peering in.



OUR HOME

IN Erzroom,—täkhtravän (see page 38),—horse with large saddle-bags, donkey with bags of charcoal, &c., &c., in the foreground.

“Mountains of Arrarat,” page 63.

The houses built of sun-dried bricks are plastered over with mud, giving them a very uninviting appearance. The burnt brick houses are covered with white plastering, and look quite neat, and many of the stone houses, built by men of wealth, are very elegant.

The two houses owned by the American Board, and occupied by missionaries, are substantial stone buildings of the middle class, fitted up with special reference to their taste and convenience. Filled with furniture and books and pictures from America, hallowed by the birth of children, — it may be by their death, also, — the scene of joys and sorrows, of toils and trials, of triumphs and defeats, of the sweetest and purest heavenly communion, to his HOME the missionary's heart clings with peculiar and indescribable affection.



CHAPTER VIII.

A LOOK AT THE STREETS.

ONE description of the streets of Erzurum says, "They are narrow, dirty, and filled with savage-looking dogs," — which is pretty accurate. Some of the streets, however, are at least a hundred feet wide, while others (if they may properly be called streets) are so narrow that by stretching out your arms you could reach the opposite sides.

They are indeed filthy enough. The omnipresent dust of dry weather and the deep mud of wet are not the half. The habits of the people are the chief source of the filth. To understand these, you must know the order of rooms in the houses is exactly reverse that in American houses. As you enter the front-

door,—stooping well to get in, and stepping *down* rather than *up*,—instead of finding yourself in a neat and pleasant hall, you are standing on the bare ground, a dim light revealing a motley group of objects,—among them a hen-roost. If you get a peep into the adjoining room,—the “front room,”—you will see it is a stable for horses, sheep, goats, and cows. Going along this passage-way, the next room you find is the kitchen, and beyond that is the “parlor,” which is at the same time the sitting-room, and at night the family sleeping-room, their manner of sleeping being the same as that in Christ’s time, when the man said, “My children are with me in bed.” (Luke xi. 7.) As a consequence of this order of rooms, the streets become the back-yard and offal-ground of all the city. Every kind of refuse from the houses is thrown into the street. To receive that of the stables, pits are dug at the side of the front-door and walled

up with stone, or, if the street is wide, they are dug in the middle of the street. This manure is afterwards pressed into cakes and dried for fuel.

At the many khäns of the city, horses, camels, mules, and donkeys are constantly dying, whose carcasses, the skins having been removed, are dragged into the streets and left for the dogs. These carcasses, or parts of them, may be seen in all parts of the city at all seasons of the year.

I should add that some of these nuisances have lately been suppressed by the Turkish government.

The dogs are the city scavengers, which, with the hens and vultures, restore much that is decaying in the streets back to new forms of life. Without these, the city would be filled with malaria. These dogs are the same substantially as are and always have been found in all Eastern cities. Their home is a particu-

lar quarter of the city, as I have already described of the dogs in Constantinople. They are more or less docile as the quarter they inhabit is more or less frequented. In the markets they give place to all passers ; but in the less frequented suburbs your passage is quite likely to be disputed by eight or ten of them, who, in their undisturbed occupancy, imagine they have the sole right to the street.

When you see a dozen or twenty of these ravenous beasts wrangling over, and tearing to pieces the carcass of a horse, you can easily understand with what savage delight their ancestors, in fulfilment of prophesy, devoured the flesh of the wicked queen. (2d Kings ix. 30-37.) And when you see the more docile ones, too feeble or too timid to join in a fight over a carcass, content with offal or with licking the blood at the butchers' stands, you can well understand how pitiable was Lazarus' condition whose sores were licked by

such vile vagabonds of the street. (Luko xvi. 21.)

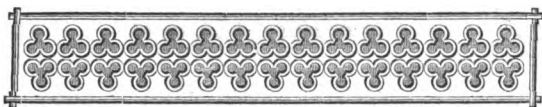
There is one purifying element in the streets, and that is water. The city is situated on ground which rises gradually from the plain on the north towards the mountains on the south. Above the city numerous never-failing wells have been dug by pious Mohammedans and others, who hoped by these acts of beneficence to purchase a higher seat in Paradise. From these wells the water is brought to fountains in the city, which are so numerous, and the water so abundant, that the people are not only supplied, but the over-supply is gathered into streams which flow through nearly all the streets of the city. Everything that will float, these waters carry away, to enrich and irrigate the gardens below the city.

The streets are filled with people of various nationalities. There are also large caravans

of horses, camels, and mules employed in the trade between Trebizond and Persia. There are donkeys and oxen and sometimes cows laden with wood or grain which the villagers are bringing to market. Carts are the only vehicle in common use. These are of curious construction. The wheels are small, made of solid plank, and so fastened to the axletrees that they turn with the wheels. Two long shafts, forming the letter V, and so placed across the axletree that the tip-end forms the tongue and the open part the foundation for the body of the cart. The beam of the yoke is long, small, and straight, and the bows open under the neck, being tied together with a string or piece of leather. The yoke is fastened to the tongue by a thong (the thong of Scripture). The driver usually rides on the tongue near the oxen's heads, to keep the yoke from drawing up and choking them. In ploughing, there being no tongue to ride on,

a small boy is often placed on the yoke between the oxen ; and if no small boy is at hand, a stone is often suspended under the yoke ! When loaded, these carts make a terrible squeaking, which may be heard miles away. In getting his cart through a narrow and difficult place, the driver stands before his oxen, facing towards them, and seizing the end of the tongue with one hand, he pushes it in the direction he wishes to turn the oxen, at the same time lashing them over their haunches and shouting vociferously.

In the winter sleds are sometimes used, whose runners turn up about an *inch*, to which a single ox is attached by means of thills, fastened at one end to the runners, the other end passing through the beam of the single-bowed yoke.



CHAPTER IX.

THE MARKETS.

I AM often asked what there is in this interior region, destitute of all steam communication, to make a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. One thing is the Persian travel and trade; another is its importance as a governmental and military centre; but these are only consequences of the chief fact that it is a great commercial centre. All the trading and all the manufacturing for a region extending from fifty to a hundred miles in every direction are carried on here. Every little village does not have, as in this country, its store, blacksmith, and shoe-shops. These all cluster in the city. Nor does the farmer try to sell anything at his own door; he ex-

pects and prefers to carry all his produce to the city. Indeed, if I wished barley for my horse in a village, I should be obliged to pay twice the price for which the same man would sell the same barley after carrying it a half-day's journey to the city.

There are a few exceptions to this rule. Some of the larger villages have something like a market, and certain kinds of rude manufacture are carried on in them, as the braiding of mats, and the weaving of coarse cloth. But all trading connected with these articles is done in the city. For instance, from one village, the people come and buy raw cotton, carry it home, and spin it. They then bring the yarn to the same merchant in the city from whom they bought the raw cotton, who takes it, giving them in payment, once and a half the weight of the yarn in raw cotton. From another village, they come and buy the yarn, and, carrying it home, weave it into

cloth, which they again bring to the merchant, who exchanges it for more yarn. The cloth is then sold for consumption. In this way, the same material, in different forms, passes through the merchant's hands three times, he taking his profit each time.

This dependence on the city keeps the villagers continually thronging the markets. In the winter, when there is no farm-work, a villager loads up his horse, donkey, or ox-cart with hay or straw, barley or wheat, and starts early in the morning for town, followed, it may be, by his wife, carrying a pitcher of milk on her back. A walk of from one to four hours, through mud or snow or storm, brings them to the market, where, after standing about in the cold several hours, they are glad to sell their produce at almost any price. They then spend their small gains, buying a piece of calico or of cotton cloth, and return home.

Take a stroll with me through the market. Here is the custom-house, filled and surrounded with bales of merchandise, put up small, so as to be conveniently carried by animals. All the merchandise to Persia pays a transit duty of two per cent. Imported goods are taxed uniformly eight per cent. Besides, every load of hay, grain, or wood brought into the city for sale must pay a duty to the government. Every pair of shoes, every stove, in short, everything manufactured in the city and carried away to be sold elsewhere, must bear the custom-house stamp, or be liable to confiscation.

The shops or stores, you see, are only stalls or recesses entirely open in front, with the different articles for sale exposed in the most tempting manner.

And are these shops kept open in this manner in all kinds of weather?

Yes, in the coldest winter weather, the

shop-keepers sit bundled up in big coats and fur, warming their hands over a pot of coals. Sometimes they place these coals under a box, which is open at one side, then throwing a large blanket or comforter over the box, they sit down by its open side, and drawing the blanket up to the chin, the heat of the coals kept within thoroughly warms the hands, feet, and body.

There you see loaves of sugar put up in blue paper, the only kind to be found here; we could not buy brown sugar, however much we might wish it. This sugar is made from beets in France, and, though brought so long a way across the sea and the mountains, it is cheaper than any sugar you can buy in America. Here is fruit of various kinds, — apples, pears, peaches, grapes, apricots, plums, melons, and, a little earlier, cherries were very plenty. They are all sold by weight, as are, also, potatoes, turnips, carrots, and beets.

Does this fruit grow in this region ?

No, it is too cold. It is brought a long distance, in large baskets fastened to the sides of donkeys, from sheltered and warm valleys among the mountains. Vegetables are raised in great abundance in the gardens below the city.

What is this show-case, displaying what seems to be money ?

It is a money-changer's stock in trade. If you would like gold for your copper, or silver for your gold, he will accommodate you, carefully weighing your gold, to be sure it is not wanting, strikingly illustrating the passage, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Dan. v. 27.) If you wish English, French, or Russian gold in exchange for Turkish, he will give it to you. These coins are met with here in abundance, and their value is well known.

Here is a saddler's shop, where pack and

riding saddles are made and sold ; also, bridles, halters, nose-bags, etc., etc. There is a stove and tin-shop, where sheet-iron stoves and tin ware are rather clumsily made and sold. Here is the clangor of the workers in brass and copper, who make very nice brass candlesticks, sometimes three or four feet high ; also, brass mortars, bells for the muleteers' horses, and copper vessels of every description. Opposite them are the iron-monsters, begrimed with soot, noisily beating out chains, spikes, and iron bars. Here are tanneries, where the Turkey red and yellow leather is prepared. There are no *large* manufacturing establishments, but many *small* ones.

We now come to a number of shops of merchants who sell dry goods, chiefly of European manufacture. The more wealthy of these, while carrying on a retail trade, act, also, as "jobbers," buying all their goods in

Constantinople, and selling at wholesale to the smaller merchants. If I want a hundred dollars, I have only to write an order on our treasurer in Constantinople, and any one of these merchants is glad to cash it.

Here is a cluster of shops occupied by workers in silver and gold. They chase sword-hilts, cups, and rings very tastefully, and make very beautiful ornaments. This is an apothecary-shop, kept by an Italian, quite in European style. There are two Italian physicians and one well-educated Turkish physician in the city, besides hundreds of quacks, both men and women.

In many shops very respectable clothing is made in European style. Watches are very neatly cleaned and repaired.

Here is a place where in the morning a great crowd assembles to buy and sell all kinds of second-hand articles of dress and furniture. It is a curious spectacle, — a great

throng, half of them vociferously crying their wares, the other half meditating whether they will make a trade or not. A little below this, at the same hour, horses and other animals are offered for sale. Still further on you see lumber and logs. The logs are brought a long distance on carts, from the borders of Russia, and are here placed on high wooden horses and cut into lumber with a cross-cut saw, one man standing on the log and one standing under.

You notice we have passed many bakeries. Most of the people make bread in their houses, baking only once a month, but the transient population is so great, not only travellers, but men trading and laboring here year after year, whose families reside elsewhere, that the bakeries are well patronized, and make very good bread, though from unbolted flour and pretty black.

We are now in the wood-market, and as

wood never comes amiss, let us get a load. Here is a cart-load of pine, and there is one of cypress, and there is another of oak saplings, and there is a lot of donkey loads. We will pass those, and try this load of birch. The natives think birch is no better than pine, so they will sell it very cheap.

“How much do you want for your wood?” I ask the owner, carefully examining his load.

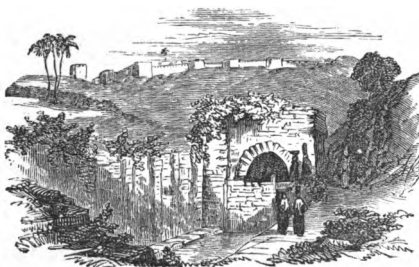
“Fifty piastres,” he replies.

“I will give you twenty-five.”

By this time two or three wood-choppers have come up, and, anxious to help on the bargain, that they may get a job, they join in. One of them proposes to me to offer thirty piastres. I nod assent, whereupon three or four of them seize the wood-owner's hand and violently shaking it, insist on his accepting the terms. He comes down to forty piastres. They then turn to me, proposing thirty-five. I nod assent, when follows an-

other time of hand-shaking and loud talk. But the fellow wont give an inch; he declares he will not take a para less than forty piastres. They ask me if I will take it at forty. I shake my head, but as a "last word" I tell them to call it thirty-seven. Disgusted with bantering, we start immediately for home, and when half-way there, looking back, see the wood coming, and a wood-chopper along. In an hour it is cut up and carefully packed away in my wood-room.

6





CHAPTER X.

*THE ARMENIANS.**

THE missionary work in Turkey has thus far been carried on chiefly among the Armenians, whose religion is a corrupted form of Christianity, and whose history is very ancient and interesting.

They trace their origin to Haig or Haicus, who, they say, was the son of Togarmah mentioned in Gen. x. 3, from whence they call themselves Haiks to this day, and their country Haiäsdän. This Haicus was said to be one of the directors at the building of the Tower of Babel, and after the dispersion became the founder of the Armenian nation

* For many of the statements contained in this chapter, I am indebted to an article by Rev. William Clark, formerly missionary among the Armenians, published in the "New Englander" for July and October, 1863.

and dynasty. The name "Armenian" is given to them by other nations from their powerful king, Aram, who, about eighteen hundred years before Christ, in the days of Isaac and Jacob, extended his conquests over the greater part of Asia Minor.

They were an energetic, brave, and warlike people, frequently carrying on war with the Medes, Persians, Assyrians, and other well-known and powerful nations of antiquity. Mention is made of Armenia, in 2d Kings xix. 37, when Adrammelech and Sharezer fled after murdering their father Sennacherib. The Armenian account is that the king supposed the gods, being angry with him, had visited his army with the destruction they suffered while besieging Jerusalem, and hoping to appease them, he proposed to offer his two sons a sacrifice in the temple. The sons, hearing of this, murdered their father and fled to save their own lives. The

king of the Armenians received them kindly, and gave each a large tract of land within his own dominions.

There are many proofs of an alliance between Tigranes, then king of the Armenians, and Cyrus at the time of the fall of Babylon, and among them the following from Scripture (Jer. li. 27) : "Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her (Babylon), call together against her the kingdoms of Ararat (Armenia), Minni, and Ashkenaz, appoint a captain against her, cause the horses to come up as the rough caterpillars." This allusion to horses is very striking, as the cavalry of the Armenians was celebrated for the size and beauty of the horses, and its great execution in battle. Their patriotic pictures of the present day give animated views of ancient battle-scenes.

The territory of Armenia was in the vicin-

ity of Ararat, comprising parts of what is now Russia, Persia, and Turkey, oftentimes extending by conquest far to the east, west, and south. The royal dignity descended from father to son by primogeniture. The government was despotic, and the capital was removed from place to place, according to the taste or convenience of the ruling king. It was generally some city near Ararat, but at one time it was Diarbekir on the Tigris, and in the time of Christ it was Edessa, the present Oorfa in Mesopotamia.

For more than a thousand years after Christ, the Armenians remained an independent nation, though repeatedly obliged to accept humiliating terms of peace from other powers.

But, in the eleventh century, their country was completely devastated by Turks and Moguls, who pillaged, burned, and razed their cities and towns, putting the people to the sword. Only those escaped who fled to fort-

resses situated in the midst of inaccessible mountains. And to make the devastation more complete, a series of terrible earthquakes overthrew, scattered, and buried what the hands of ruthless men had spared.

In the twelfth century, an Armenian general, heading a band of strong and devoted men, fell upon a Grecian colony of Cilicia, in Southern Asia Minor, and established a new Armenian dynasty, which stood with varying fortune for two hundred years. The last of these kings, Leon IV., overcome by the Sultan of Egypt, died an exile in Paris, in 1393, and with him passed away the last vestige of Armenian nationality.

The early religion of the Armenians, according to tradition, was patriarchal and pure. Their worship was very simple, consisting of prayer to the true God and a bloody sacrifice. Altars were erected in groves of poplar, which were considered sacred. To this day, the poplar is the most common of trees in all those regions.

In the time of Christ, two envoys of Abgar, then king of the Armenians, passing through Syria, stopped at Jerusalem to see Jesus, of whose miracles they had heard. They brought such reports to the king, who was, at the time, afflicted with a disease resembling leprosy, that he is said to have written the following letter to Christ, most fully believed by the Armenians to be genuine : —

“Abgar, son of Arsham, prince of this land, to Jesus, the Saviour and Benefactor of men, greeting. I have heard of thee, and of the cures wrought by thy hands, without remedies and without plants; for it is said thou makest the blind to see, the lame to walk, the lepers are healed, evil spirits are cast out, thou healest the unfortunate, afflicted with long and inveterate diseases, and thou dost raise the dead. As I have heard of all the wonders wrought by thee, I have concluded that thou art either God, come down from heaven, or the Son of God, sent to do such things. Therefore have I written, beseeching thee to deign to come to me, and cure my disease. I have also heard that the Jews use thee ill, and lay snares to destroy thee. I have here a little city, pleasantly situated, and sufficient for us both.”

Messengers carried this letter to Jesus, who made the following reply : —

“ Happy is he who believes on me without having seen me. Those who see me believe not, and those who see me not believe and live. As to what thou hast written of my coming to thee, it is necessary that I fulfil *here* that for which I was sent, and when I have accomplished all, I shall ascend to Him that sent me. But after I have gone, I will send one of my disciples, who shall cure thy malady, and give life to thee and thine.”

One version of this story is that Christ imprinted his face on a handkerchief, and giving it to the messengers, told them by its efficacy the king might be healed. On their return, they were attacked by robbers, and fearing lest the sacred handkerchief should fall into the robbers' hands, they threw it into a well near at hand, from which it was never recovered. This incident is cited by Armenians in justification of picture worship.

These letters, found at Edessa, are doubtless spurious, though by some, Protestants even,

they are believed to be genuine. In accordance with the promise in Christ's letter, it is said that after his death Thomas sent the disciple Thaddeus,* who healed the king and preached the gospel with great success among the people. It is related, also, that the Apostle Bartholomew visited Armenia, and gained many converts. He was flayed alive and afterwards crucified by King Sanatrug, who had previously put Thaddeus to death.

Other disciples visited Armenia during the same period, most of whom yielded up their lives a witness for the truth. Through the labors of these, the greater part of the Armenians embraced the Christian faith, but on account of severe persecutions they mostly relapsed into idolatry.

At about the commencement of the fourth century, the nation was brought back to Chris-

* The popular impression among the Armenians is that it was the Apostle Thaddeus, from whom they trace the apostolical succession in their Church.

tianity through the labors of Gregory the enlightener. The father of Gregory was a Parthian prince sent by the Persian king secretly to assassinate the Armenian king. While he was living near the king, waiting for a favorable opportunity to accomplish his purpose, Gregory was born. Finally, getting access to the king, he put a dagger to his heart and fled. He was pursued, overtaken, and put to death, and all his household, except the infant Gregory, who, in the arms of his nurse, escaped to Cesarea. Here the child was trained in the Christian religion, and when grown to manhood, he returned and preached the gospel in the land of his birth. After suffering great persecution from Tiridates, the king of the Armenians, he was at length instrumental in his conversion, whom, with thousands of his subjects, he baptized into the new faith.

At Gregory's command, and that of the

king, after the conversion of the latter, schools were everywhere established, in which the children were instructed in the new doctrine, and in the Greek and Syriac languages. The heathen altars were thrown down, and in their stead and on their sites, Christian temples were erected. The first church in Armenia was raised on the very spot where, formerly, a statue of the heathen god Hercules had stood.

The introduction of Christianity infused new life into the Armenian nation. Literature now took a new start. A distinct alphabet was prepared for the language which had previously been written in the Persian, Chaldee, Syriac, and Greek characters. The Bible was early translated into the language, and was the first book written in the new character. So rapid was the progress of letters that the fifth century was remarkable for the number and ability of the literary writers which the nation produced.

In the seventh century, the country was overrun by the Saracens, who, unable to impose the Mohammedan yoke upon the people, committed unheard-of cruelties, and carried thousands of them into hopeless captivity. At many other times their Christianity has been put to severe tests, but no extensive inroads have been made upon it. The nation which was the first to accept Christianity, as a nation, still remains Christian, at least *in name*.

The Armenians of the present day are of good intellectual capacity, enterprising and energetic. Having no government to hold them in one locality, they wander in all directions wherever the love of adventure or the hope of gain invites them. They are found, not only in all parts of Turkey, but also in large numbers in Persia, India, Russia, and other European countries, — finding their way even to America and China, — and, engaged in every pursuit, numbers of them become wealthy and influential.

Many of the Armenians found in the cities of Turkey are also wealthy, — merchants, money-lenders, and land-holders, — enjoying many privileges, and oftentimes dictating the Turkish governors of the land. But the masses are ignorant, oppressed peasants, whose chief struggle is to provide their daily bread. The labor of missionaries among them is, however, having a marked effect in elevating and improving their condition.

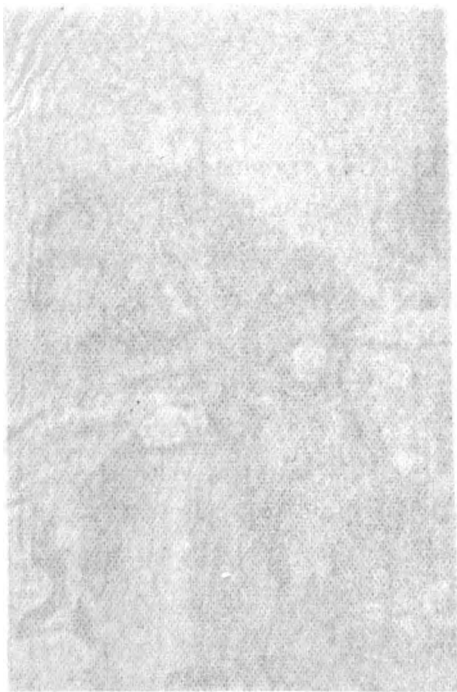
The Armenians are well-formed, and have fair complexions, slightly shaded. Straight, black hair, black eyes, low foreheads, large noses and mouths, are peculiarities of their physiognomy. Blue eyes and brown or red hair are rarely met with. Though hardly entitled to be called a handsome race, there are yet many fine-looking men and beautiful women among them.



CHAPTER XI.

THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

THERE are nine orders of clergy in the Armenian Church. The six lowest and least important are *porters, readers, exorcists, candle-lighters, sub-deacons, and deacons*. A candidate must pass through all these orders before he can become a priest, though they are often passed in one day. A priest must be a married man, which is a very good rule, as his duties call him freely into the families of his flock. A priest has no hope of promotion, as celibacy is enjoined on all the higher orders. If the priest's wife dies, he is forbidden to marry a second time. But he may then become a *vartabed* or monk. The *vartabeds* have the same rank as priests, but



As Proost

p. 4



An Armenian Priest.

p. 94.

are held in much higher esteem.* They are the appointed preachers of the Church, preaching being no part of the duty of priests. The vartabeds live chiefly in monasteries, where, neglecting their duties as preachers, they engage in plots for the oppression of the people.

Next in order are the *bishops*, whose dioceses cover larger or smaller districts. The bishops of Jerusalem and Constantinople are called patriarchs, the latter being, also, the civil head of all the Armenians of Turkey.

Last, and highest of all, is the Catholicos, who has his seat at Echmiadzin, in Russia. He is the head of the Armenian Church, as the Pope is the head of the Roman, though, however, with far less of ecclesiastical power.

While the general custom is to shave the whole face except the upper lip, the priests and all higher orders never touch a razor to the face. With the loss of the beard would depart all the sanctity of ordination.

* By some the vartabed is reckoned a separate order.

The bishop ordains all orders below himself, while he is ordained by the Catholicos, who in turn is consecrated by a council of bishops. All these orders of clergy are filled with the most deceitful and unreliable men. Prayers are read in the churches every morning and evening; mass is celebrated every Lord's day morning, and in the large cities every morning in the week. They worship pictures, confess to their priests, ask the intercession of the saints, and offer prayers for the dead.

In baptism, the child is immersed three times, water being afterwards poured on the head.

An oil, called meiron, which they claim has boiled without fire through the miraculous power of the Catholicos, is used in baptism, in ordinations and dedications, and in all the principal ceremonies of the Church. Whatever is touched by it is made instantly and

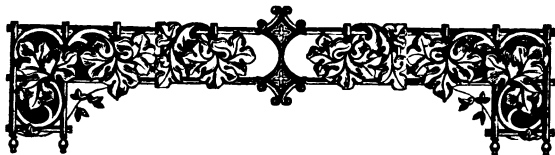
permanently holy. The sale of this oil forms the chief source of revenue to the Catholicos.

The revenues of the Church are from fees paid for baptisms, burial of the dead, prayers for the dead, and the like, from taxes assessed upon the people by ecclesiastics, and from voluntary contributions and legacies made by the devout. Many of the higher ecclesiastics and monasteries become very wealthy at the expense of the poor people, whom they cheat and oppress.

The Bible and the church books of the Armenians are all in the ancient language which is not understood by the people. They are, therefore, entirely uninstructed in spiritual things, except by the vain and false traditions which the priests, equally ignorant with the people, transmit from generation to generation. But they have great veneration for the Bible, which, with their love of investigation and in-

dependence of ecclesiastical domination, leads them to examine it in the modern language, and in many instances to accept Protestant Christianity.





CHAPTER XII.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

NO person who has not felt it can understand the peculiar sensation experienced by one thrown among a people whose language he does not understand. On every hand he hears articulate sounds which, to others, are filled with meaning,—conveying impressions of sadness, of joy, or of surprise,—but to him they are meaningless and dead; they tingle emptily on his ear. Nor can he speak to others; practically, he is deaf and dumb, not even being able, like the deaf mute, to use skilfully the language of signs.

Nor, as with the traveller who passes hastily through a foreign land, does the missionary have the comfort of feeling that his lips will

soon be unsealed. He must remain silent till by learning a language he has paved his own way for intercourse with the people. He feels like a man hemmed in by thick and high prison walls, with the condition that he must, with his own hand, pull down the wall before he can have free intercourse with the world outside. Under the pressure of this restraint, he resolves to begin to talk in a week. With great zeal, he seizes on those words and forms of speech which he imagines will be most called for. Committing these to memory, he rushes out among the people, proud of his acquisitions, and eager to display them. He fires his pop-gun at the first native he meets, who replies with a volley of musketry, not one word of which can he understand. Considerably bewildered, but not discouraged, he loads up and discharges his fire-arms once more. Another volley of words follows, spoken a little louder, as if he were deaf. His embarrass-

ment increases, the few remaining words of his stock are all driven from his head, and if they are not, he is sure that to use them in that connection would be simply ridiculous. He blushes, bites his lips, pulls nervously at the skirts of his coat, and at last beats a hasty and clumsy retreat, resolved that he will not be caught in such a predicament again.

A lady, soon after entering the foreign field, on hearing a hen cackle, remarked, "How refreshing it is to hear the hens talk in the English language!"

The Armenian language, which it fell to our lot to learn (some of the missionaries to the Armenians use the Turkish language), is very old, — claimed by some to be the language of the world from Eden down to Babel. The alphabet consists of thirty-eight letters, which, according to the traditions of the people, were invented by one Mesrope, who lived in the fifth century; but it is more probable

they were modelled after the Greek alphabet, though but little resemblance can be traced between them. Each letter has but one sound. As soon, therefore, as one becomes familiar with the letters and their sounds, he is able to read almost anything. It will require sometime, however, to become familiar with the consonantal combinations, and with the gutturals, which years of practice cannot fully master. Sometimes four or five consonants — some of them double consonants — follow each other without the intervention of a single vowel. These can be pronounced only by introducing the short vowel “u” in many places where it is not written. It is a curiosity of the language that the article, definite and indefinite, invariably follows the noun to which it belongs, the definite article being a suffix. The words are mostly long, and the sound of the spoken language harsh and angular. It has greatly changed in the process of

time, by corruptions, and by contact with other languages, until the spoken language of the present is quite different in structure and words from the language of books, which have come down from the earlier centuries. To illustrate the appearance of the language and the order of the words, the Lord's Prayer in modern Armenian, is given with the English interlined word for word, as follows:—

Ո՛վ Հայր մեր՝ որ երկինքն ես ,
Oh Father our, who (in) the Heavens art,
քու անունդ սուրբ ըլլայ . Բոու
Thy name holy be, Thy
Թագաւորութիւնդ գայ , քու
kingdom come, Thy
կամքդ ըլլայ , ինչպէս որ երկին
will be, as (in) the Heav-
քը՝ անանկ ալ երկրիս վրայ . Մեր
ens, so also this earth upon. Our
ամէն աւուր Հացը այսօր մեզի
every day bread to-day to us

տո՛ւր . **Եւ մեզի ներէ մեր**
 give. And to us forgive our

պարտքերը , ինչպէս որ մենք ալ
 debts, as we also

կը ներենք մեր պարտականներ-
 forgive our debtors.

ուն . **Ու մեզ փորձութեան մի՛**
 And us into temptation do not

տանիր . **Հապա չարէն մեզ ազ-**
 carry, but from the evil us de-

ատէ . **ինչու որ քուկդ է թագ-**
 liver, for Thine is the king-

աւորութիւնը և զօրութիւնը ու
 dom and the power and

փառքը յաւիտեանս . **Ամէն :**
 the glory forever, Amen.

To accustom the eye to a quick recognition of each letter and combination of letters, to train the organs of articulation to an accurate and fluent enunciation of them, to learn to associate, without thought or reflection, a certain meaning with certain forms or sounds,

and last, and most difficult of all, to train the ear to catch the meaning of each distinct articulate sound, though mingled with many others, is a severe but valuable discipline. In addition to this, to learn the different meanings of the same word, its peculiar meaning in certain connections, to catch the force of all technical and idiomatic expressions, and to become familiar with the corruptions and admixtures of an illiterate people, speaking two languages, is the task of a lifetime. We could express ourselves, though in a stammering, imperfect manner, long before we could understand what others said to us. And when we began to understand the pure Armenian, we had still to learn the corruptions of different localities, and the Turkish, which was unconsciously mixed in.

In learning the language, we found we could make the most rapid progress by aiming to accomplish some immediate object. For in-

stance, our first effort was to be able to read the hymns, so as to sing with the congregation on the Sabbath, of course, without at first understanding them. This we accomplished in about a week's time, after which, we could take some small part in the worship of God, though for many weeks in listening to sermons we could do little else than count up the words we knew, recall their meaning, and catch as many new ones as possible. This exercise, irreverent as it may seem to some, was invaluable in acquiring the language.

Commencing housekeeping, we employed a servant who knew nothing of English. We were compelled, therefore, to use Armenian with him. We immediately began family worship in that language, making a study of translating and pronouncing the Scripture lesson and the hymn for each day. Writing down on a bit of paper all the new words we encountered, with the meaning of each written oppo-

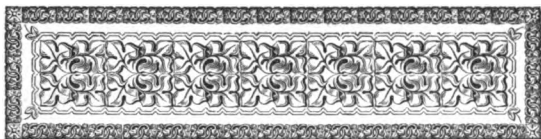
site, we studied them every hour in the day ; walking, riding, eating, and sleeping even, these words were revolved in the mind and fell from the lips.

My prayers were at first of course in English, but I could not endure the thought that our man should not understand them. I therefore prepared a prayer in Armenian, and submitted it to the native preacher for correction. This was my first effort at composition in the new language. Then followed a brief address for public use, and finally, at the end of nine months, the first sermon was completed.

Most persons regard the language as mastered when this is accomplished, which is a mistake. The writing of sermons is not evidence of the mastery of the language ; it is the *means* of learning it. Finding these efforts at composition, submitted to the criticism of a native scholar, the best means of gaining an

accurate use of the idioms of the language, I continued writing sermon after sermon until at the end of two years' study I had completed and preached some dozen sermons.

I am often asked, "How long were you learning the language?" Such a question cannot be answered definitely. A missionary begins to use the language from the first day, but he can *never* say he has *perfectly* mastered it. After six months or a year, he will begin to risk himself to go about, and preach and converse, — not, however, without much embarrassment and anxiety. After two or three years, he will ordinarily gain such facility that his embarrassment will pass away, and he will feel strong to grapple with opponents in argument, and will begin to think in it and to feel a love for it as for his own native tongue. And so, from year to year, to the end of his missionary life, he will learn more and more of the language, and will gain new skill in its use.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE WORK AND THE FIELD.

MESSRS. SMITH and Dwight were the first Americans to visit Erzroom while on their exploring tour through Asia Minor in the year 1830. At that time war existed between Turkey and Russia, and Erzroom and all the Turkish territory east of it had fallen into the hands of the Russians. Of course, everything was in an unsettled condition, and what added to the confusion were the extraordinary efforts of the Russians to induce the people to emigrate to Russia. The Turkish government was not then as liberal towards its Christian subjects as it has since become, and as tempting offers of land and civil protection were held out, large numbers of the Armenian

population flocked toward the Russian borders. In view of this state of things, the explorers advised that no missionaries be located there.

But it was impossible to overlook the importance of this city as a mission station. Located in the heart of Armenia, surrounded by hundreds of villages and cities,—which notwithstanding the vast emigration were still populous with Armenians,—one of the largest inland cities of Turkey, it must necessarily become a missionary, as it was already a commercial, centre. Accordingly, in 1839 a missionary was stationed there.

From that time to this, the history of the work there is exceedingly checkered. Persecution at first spent its fury on the converts; they were imprisoned, bastinadoed, disinherited, exiled, and in every possible way injured and disgraced. One would suppose that converts who could stand firm in the face of such persecution must be reliable, but in many in-

stances they were not so ; it would seem their firmness was only contrariness. When persecution ceased, many of them fell away. Being a trading, money-making city, filled with people who have no permanent interest there, and inviting Europeans with all their evil arts and influence, the missionary work has always had more obstacles to contend with than in cities where the people are of docile disposition and simple habits, knowing little or nothing of the outside world of fashion and vanity and infidelity.

During the Crimean war the fear of Russian influence and power was so great that the little church was broken up and scattered, and the missionaries deemed it prudent to leave the field. For more than six years no missionary was permanently located there, though in 1861 a missionary spending a short period in the vicinity gathered together a few scattered elements and organized a church.

In 1862 Mr. Pollard came there to reside with his family, from which time, for five years, this place was continuously occupied. During this period the work has gone steadily forward. The schools have flourished, the Sabbath congregations have constantly increased in numbers, daily new inquirers have come to us from all quarters, and the demand for Bibles has so rapidly increased that during the year 1866 more than *four times* as many Bibles and parts of Bibles were sold than during any previous year.

Our labors were by no means confined to the city of Erzroom ; our field was larger than the three States of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and containing a half a million of people. There are vast plains with hundreds of villages and ten thousands of perishing souls around the city. Three days' journey to the south is the plain of Khanoos, where, in the villages of Chevermeh and

Heramik, a church is organized and a pastor settled over it.

In many places east of Erzroom, extending more than six days' journey, there has been an unusual call for books and religious instruction. Many months might be profitably spent in touring in that region.

To the north-east is Kars and the region surrounding it, extending into Russia, where many, alone and unaided, are groping their way into the light.

To the north our field extends to the Black Sea, and includes Trebizond and many other important places on the coast.

Six days to the west is Erzingan, a large city, second only to Erzroom in size and importance, surrounded by an interesting plain and many villages.

To the south-west, three days distant, are other villages, in one of which a good work has already begun.

Such is a hasty glimpse of this vast field in every part of which there are inquirers earnestly groping after the Sun of righteousness. If we had the tireless wing of an angel and the pentecostal gift of tongues, how would we fly from place to place and arouse the people from the lethargy of death which now envelops them! But God chooses that the "gift of tongues" should be acquired only after long and patient study, and that his servants should go and come as other men, that "by the foolishness of preaching" he might save men.

The sadness now is that this vast field, where at least *three* missionaries should be constantly employed, is at this time (1868) entirely vacant. Just as promising doors were opening on every hand, just as the harvest was beginning to whiten for the sickle, the laborers are providentially called away. *God* in his wisdom calls them away, and *the*

Church in its indifference fails to fill their places. So the Church, and not Providence, is responsible for whatever of disaster may follow.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE LORD'S DAY.

IF you would like to know how the Sabbath passes in Turkey, in imagination, just drop into our Erzroom home a little after sunrise on a Sunday morning, and we will show you.

“And why so early in the morning?” you ask. “That will disturb my regular Sunday morning nap.”

Yes, you must be up early, if you would attend our first meeting, which is held an hour after sunrise all the year.

“That is a curious time for meeting. Why is it held at that hour?”

The time does not seem to us very suitable, but the natives prefer it, as they have always

been accustomed to an early morning meeting in the old Armenian Church, where it is held every morning and evening in the week, taking the place of family prayers.

In due time the cochnag will sound, calling the people together.

“The ‘cochnag’? What is that?”

It is not a bell, though it very well serves the purpose of one. Sometimes it is only a bit of board suspended by a cord from a frame on the roof so as to hang freely in the air. Beating this rapidly with two wooden mallets brings out a loud and very pleasant sound. Our cochnag is a piece of iron which rings almost like a bell.

On our way to the chapel, we shall see many interesting things. Here are the cows of this part of the city, a hundred or more, just starting for pasture. The man who is with them spends all his time driving and watching them, and bringing them home at night. There is a

man returning from market, with a piece of meat for his Sunday dinner, which here, as in America, they like to make the best dinner in the week. Here is a train of a dozen carts loaded with wood just arriving from the country; there are carts loaded with bags of wheat or barley; here is a caravan of horses just leaving the city, with bales of merchandise, on its way to Persia; there is another caravan of camels just arriving from Persia, with loads of rice or cotton or tobacco, and here come forty or fifty donkeys, nearly buried under enormous bags of charcoal, which they are bringing to market.

“And is all this going on here every Sunday?”

Sunday, here, is very much like other days. The holy day of the Mohammedans is Friday, and they despise the Christian holy day. The Christians of the Greek and Armenian churches generally close their shops on Sun-

day, spending the day in visiting, playing, and feasting, respecting the Lord's day no more and no less than St. Peter's or St. Paul's or any other saint's day.

But I had nearly forgotten that I was taking you to our chapel. It is not a fine building like the Armenian Church. It is only a room built over an ordinary dwelling-house, accommodating about one hundred and twenty-five.

We shall find perhaps thirty or forty persons gathered at this morning meeting. We will commence by singing "Come, ye that love the Lord," or "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned," or some others of the many beautiful hymns, familiar to you in English, and which have been translated into Armenian. One of the native brethren will offer prayer, and we will read a portion of the blessed word of God, which is now almost as dear to us in Armenian as in English, and talk about it for

a half-hour, and then, after more singing and praying, we will close our meeting. The brethren will, perhaps, remain in the chapel awhile,, to form the acquaintance of some stranger who has appeared in the audience, and to discuss the truths of God's word with him.

The next meeting is held at noon, when we will obey the voice of the Muezzin, who, from the lofty minaret, calls on all faithful Moham-medans to go to God in prayer. But we will not accept the lie which he repeats, — that “Mohammed is the prophet of God ;” we will rather go to the house consecrated to the worship of Jesus, the only Saviour of the world, and there do *him* honor.

We shall find quite a number of children gathered at this meeting, sitting in rows on the floor, for this is our Sabbath-school. We will spend twenty or twenty-five minutes singing children's songs, such as, “Around the

throne of God in heaven," "I want to be an angel," "Happy day," "In the Christian's home in glory," etc. By that time the people will all be in, numbering some sixty or seventy. After prayer, the people range themselves in classes for the study of the word of God. There is a class of boys and another of girls, one of women, another of young men, and two for the older men. For a half or three quarters of an hour they discuss with great animation the precious truths of God's Holy Book.

After this, the school is called to order; a few minutes are spent in talking about the lesson or some other portion of gospel truths, a hymn is sung, and the people are dismissed for a short recess, after which is a sermon. At this service there are sometimes a hundred persons present. Not all these are Protestants of this city. Many are strangers from distant cities and villages, who have heard of Protestants, and wish to learn more about them, or

who love the pure gospel, and have come to hear it. Others, from this city, have come from mere curiosity, and others still, secretly wishing to join the Protestants, but fearing openly to do so.

As we leave the chapel, we shall see throngs of people of all sorts and sizes dressed in their best, playing or walking about, thus passing God's holy day.

In the evening we will have a meeting by ourselves in our own dear English language, while the native brethren assemble in some private house, or, scattered in several houses, read and preach the gospel of Christ.

Thus passes an ordinary Sabbath in Erz-room.





CHAPTER XV.

FARMING.

THE plain of Erzroom was once, doubtless, one of the most fertile spots in the world; but the long-time practice of the people, occasioned by the great scarcity of wood, of using for fuel the refuse of the stables, which should go to enrich the soil, has sadly impoverished it. Indeed, completely worn out, many fields are abandoned and left, like the "old fields" of our Southern States, to recuperate with time as best they can.

When the coal mines which exist near Erzroom are opened and worked, as they no doubt will be, a new era of prosperity and civilization will dawn upon all that region.

The severity of the climate, the long dry season (rarely a drop of rain falls between the first of July and the first of October), and the non-enterprise of the people limit the products of the soil chiefly to rye, barley, wheat, and grass; oats are quite unknown. These are generally sown in the fall of the year, so that the crop may be nearly ready for harvest before the commencement of the dry season. Still gutters are always prepared in every field, which are so connected with some stream or fountain of water, that it may be irrigated during the dry season. A field that cannot be so irrigated is of little or no value.

The ground is prepared with a plough made of a stick pointed with iron, similar to those used in the days of Abraham. To this one, and sometimes two, yoke of oxen are attached, though, as it only scratches the surface of the ground, one horse could easily draw it.

There is another kind of plough made of wood, large and clumsy, which does its work a little better, to which eight or ten pair of oxen are often attached. The grain is sown and covered with a plough, or frequently left without covering. Harvesting is sometimes done with a sickle; sometimes the grain is pulled up by the roots, that no part of the straw be lost.

After harvesting, the grain is carried immediately to the threshing-floor. This is a circular flat piece of ground, trodden and stamped as hard as possible, and afterwards washed and scraped by an instrument made for the purpose and drawn by a pair of oxen. Though in the open air, there is no danger of rain; for, as in Solomon's time, rain in harvest is as rare as snow in summer. (Prov. xxvi. 1.) Gideon's fleece, too, might here easily catch the dew. (Judges vi.)

The grain, spread several inches deep over

this floor, is threshed by a threshing instrument, which is made of two planks fastened together and turned up slightly at one end, like a stone-boat. Into the under side of these planks are driven many iron spikes, or more generally sharp pieces of flint stone, so that, dragged over the grain, it not only separates the wheat from the straw, but also cuts the straw into small bits. It therefore serves the purpose of straw-cutter as well as threshing-machine. The straw, thus cut up fine, is called "chaff" in the Bible.

The threshing instrument is drawn round and round by a pair of oxen driven by a boy or girl who rides to hold it down. The oxen are sometimes muzzled with a wire network drawn over the nose, but generally, in obedience to God's command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," the oxen are allowed to pick up and eat the grain as they walk along. After the grain

has been turned over several times, and is sufficiently threshed, it is raked up into a heap at one side of the threshing-floor, and is afterwards winnowed by throwing it into the air with a three or four tined wooden fork. In falling, the chaff is blown some distance one side, while the wheat, falling almost directly down, is separated from the chaff. The wheat is afterwards cleaned by sifting, picking over, and washing. And even then much dirt often remains in the flour, making what is called "gritty bread."

The grain is ground by mills carried chiefly by water. Without building a dam, the water is taken out of the mill-stream, and carried around the face of a hill by an artificial canal until it has reached a sufficient height to carry the mill. If there is no hill, the stream is carried through an artificially raised canal built across the plain. As often as the water attains a sufficient height to carry a mill, one

is built; so, on the same stream, at distances of a mile or so apart, twenty or more mills may often be seen.

The hand-mill referred to by Christ (Matt. xxiv. 41) is still used by two women, — one puts in the grain while the other turns. This mill is used chiefly to prepare a kind of cracked wheat, called bulgour, much used, and a very excellent article of diet.

The flour is neither bolted nor sifted at the mill, the coarsest of the bran only being sifted out when used. The bread is therefore dark and coarse, but, if well made, is healthy and palatable.

The greater part of the bread is as thin as pasteboard, and is baked in cylindrical earthen ovens sunk in the kitchens. Fires are built in these of wood, native fuel,* or sometimes of coarse grass, illustrating Christ's allusion to the "grass, which to-day is and to-morrow is

* Dried manure.

cast into the oven." When the fire has gone down, so that there is no longer any smoke, the dough, thinly rolled out, is clapped on the inner surface of this cylindrical oven, and in a moment is sufficiently baked.

Barley is generally fed to animals, but with the very poor it is often used for bread.

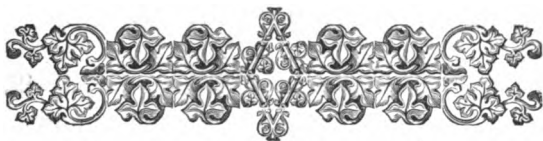
Bread is emphatically the staff of life in Turkey, many having little else to eat from year to year. And when that fails, as it often does, the poor people drag out a miserable subsistence on roots and herbs.

The straw of the threshed grain and the grass — cut with a scythe about a foot and a half long attached to a long snath or handle — are used for the domestic animals.

Flax is raised to a considerable extent, but no use is made of the flax fibre for cloth. It is threshed in the same manner as wheat or barley and the straw fed to animals, while from the seed oil is expressed which is used

for lights, in addition to the various uses to which linseed oil is applied in this country. Lamps are rarely seen. The oil is placed in a small shallow cup or saucer, and a wick is thrown into it, the lighted end hanging over the edge. It gives but a dim light, and smokes badly. Sometimes the wick is a bit of rag, sometimes it is a wisp of flax straw, which gives the exact arrangement to which allusion is made in the expression (Matt. xii. 20), "the smoking flax shall he not quench."





CHAPTER XVI.

ANIMALS.

OUR space will not permit us to speak particularly of *all* the animals of Turkey, much less of *all* living things. We can only allude briefly to a few domestic animals.

The cows of Turkey are very small, with stunted horns, and give less than half as much milk as cows in America. The oxen are also small in proportion.

The sheep are good-sized, but have long, coarse wool. Their tails are covered with a leaf of fat, one or two inches thick and five or six inches wide in the widest part, and weighing from ten to twenty-five pounds. This fat is very similar to hog's lard, and as there are

no hogs in the interior of Turkey, except wild ones, and consequently no lard, the fat of sheep's tails is a very excellent substitute. This fat is that which is so often called the "rump" in the Mosaic law.

The sheep is also highly valued for its milk. The first and sometimes the last hope of a poor man is an ewe lamb, which will, in due time, help both to feed and clothe his family. This fact gave peculiar poignancy to the parable of Nathan to David. (2 Sam. xii. 1-6.)

Goats are also kept for their milk, and are generally found mingled with sheep,—a happy illustration, used by our Lord, of the manner in which the good and bad are mingled in this world. (Matt. xxv. 32.)

Milk is rarely used while sweet. It is almost invariably soured by an artificial process while it is yet new. Cheese and butter are also made from it, the latter being churned in skins of goats, with the hair

inside. Its condition, after coming from such a place, can be better imagined than described. It is kept and eaten without salt, a little age, in the judgment of the people, adding to the quality as well as the strength of its flavor! Cheese is often buried in the ground in earthen vessels until it is *strikingly fragrant*, when it is exhumed and eaten!

All the ordinary domestic fowls are met with,—doves, ducks, geese, hens, and turkeys. For a year after reaching Erzroom, we were unable to find any of the last-named fowls, and we began to conclude turkeys did not live in Turkey, but afterwards we succeeded in finding them, and bought as many as we wished.

Hens are seen everywhere in great numbers; and their eggs may generally be bought for five or ten cents a dozen.

In the city are plenty of meat markets, where very excellent mutton and very miserable beef may be obtained. The villagers

rarely eat meat, and, therefore, never keep it for sale or for their own use. In travelling, we are obliged to buy a lamb or a chicken if we would have meat.

The buffalo is one of the domestic animals of Turkey. This is not the American bison, which is improperly called a buffalo. It is the East Indian buffalo, tamed and domesticated. It is about the size of the ox, with which it is often found yoked, and, like the ox, is docile and patient. Its skin is dark, nearly black, covered with a few straggling hairs. Its nose is pushed forward in a horizontal position, the curved, triangular horns pointing backwards; and altogether it is a very ugly beast. The female is kept for her milk. It is a water animal, and when left to itself, will always frequent rivers and marshy places; and even in mid-winter, it delights to be washed in the cold, clear water of the fountains.

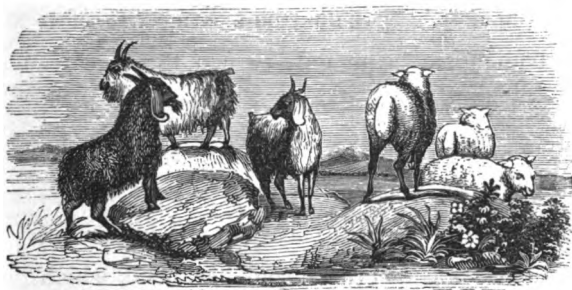
Donkeys, mules, and camels are used as beasts of burden; but horses are the universal favorite. They combine intelligence, strength, endurance, and fleetness more perfectly than any other animal. They are rarely trained to the harness, but always to the saddle and the burden. I do not remember ever to have seen a "spavined," or "foundered," or "heavy" horse in Turkey. The absence of diseases of these kinds is, doubtless, owing, in large part, to the fact that, though heavily burdened, they seldom travel faster than a walk. The muleteers are also careful of their manner of eating and drinking, and invariably leave their saddles on at night. The kind of shoes used is, I think, superior to those used in this country. They are thin, and cover the whole bottom of the foot excepting a small hole in the centre. They have no corks, the nail heads being made large in slippery seasons.

By the way, shoeing the ox is a very cruel process. The ox is thrown on his side, his neck bent back, and his head tied firmly to his side. A stick is then passed between the fore and hind legs, to which the feet are securely fastened. The stick is then raised on a wooden horse, so as to throw the feet high in the air, in which position the shoes are nailed on.

The horses, when used constantly on the road, soon grow stiff-legged and thin; frightful sores are made by the pack-saddles, and in a short time they die, the average life of a caravan horse being only two or three years. They are often attacked, also, by acute diseases. I remember to have seen a horse lying by the roadside, writhing in the most intense agony. I supposed it to be dying, but on inquiring, learned it was suffering from backache, which the muleteer, who sat quietly by, expected would soon pass away, when, under his bur-

den, he would again join his companions on the road.

The horses of the cavalry, and of the wealthy merchants and governors, are among the finest in the world. There is no more interesting sight than a high Turkish officer, richly dressed in gold and silver trimming, riding a gay and beautiful horse, decked in brilliant and costly equipage, and surrounded by a dashing cavalcade of mounted attendants.





CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT TO A VILLAGE.

LET us in this chapter make an excursion to one of the hundred or more villages in the great plain of Erzroom. There are no houses scattered along the roadside, as in this country, but every three or five miles there is a cluster of houses which we call a village, where the farmers live, and whence they go forth to sow (Matt. xiii. 3), and gather their grain in the fields around. These villages contain from twenty to a hundred and fifty houses each, or from two to fifteen hundred inhabitants. Some of these people are Turks, but the greater part are Armenians. It is winter, and the plain is covered with its beautiful robe of white. There are no fences

or hedges. Nothing disturbs the whiteness of the view save here and there a dark line which marks the locality of a village. Our road is only a path running along the margin of the field, where the seed of the sower might easily fall. (Luke viii. 5.)

A brisk gallop of an hour or two brings us to one of the nearer of these villages. We inquire for the "head-man's" house; for every village has its head-man, one of whose duties it is to entertain strangers or to provide entertainment for them. We and our horses enter at the same door, and are shown into the same room, which is full of cattle, horses, donkeys, and buffaloes, besides the hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys. The air is hot, damp, dark, and nauseating as a stable only can be. One corner is separated from the rest of the stable by a low railing, the mud-floor being raised a step or two above the general level. On the raised floor of this enclosure mats and

cushions are thrown down, upon which we are invited to sit. On one side of this parlor is a fireplace; where a fire is immediately built of native fuel. A small black copper coffee-pot is brought full of water and placed on the fire to heat. After it is boiling hot, a leathern bag of coffee is brought burnt black and ground to a powder. Some of this the man who is acting the part of cook dips into the boiling water with a wooden spoon, and after boiling a minute or so, he pours it into little cups, and sometimes with sugar, which is put into the pot, and not into the cup, but oftener without either milk or sugar, he passes it to us. Hot, muddy, and bitter, we drink it as well as we can.

- Meanwhile we are talking with the headman, and with others, who, having seen us stop, from curiosity have gathered in. Very likely they have no idea who we are, only that we are "Engleez" and perhaps consuls. As soon

as we tell them we are Americans, they have many questions to ask about the war which has so raised the price of cotton. They listen with exclamations of astonishment to our account of the cause and nature of our late terrible struggle. Little by little we turn the conversation into a religious channel, and at last close the interview by reading and explaining a passage of Scripture, and prayer.

On proposing to go, they will offer us bread. A small round table about six inches high is brought in and placed before us already spread ; for there are no earthen dishes to be broken, or knives and forks to fall off as it comes in. And what is there to eat? No meat and potatoes, no sweet cake and pies. Around the edge of the table are large flat pieces of what you would, at first sight, call brown paper. This is bread. In the centre of the table are two copper or wooden plates or platters. On one of these is something you

would call sticks of white molasses candy well pulled. This is cheese. On the other platter is something you would probably call bonny-clabber. This is called madzoon, or sour milk, which is made by stirring in a little old madzoon into new milk after heating. Everybody here prefers it to new milk, though you would think it only fit for the pigs. But how can we eat it without a spoon? We must do as the natives do, — tear off a piece of the thin bread, roll it up so as to make a sort of spoon, then, by dipping it in the madzoon and bringing it quickly to the mouth, we get about as much as we could with a spoon.

I never eat in this way without thinking of Christ eating with his disciples. Pictures of the Last Supper, which represent our Lord and the twelve sitting on stools around a long table, spread with plates and knives and forks, are doubtless incorrect. They probably sat around a low table, similar to this, dipping

their bread in one common dish. Hence the force of Christ's expression, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." (Matt. xxvi. 23.) Probably while he was saying this he and Judas were dipping their bread in the common dish in the centre of the table.

Finishing our bread, we mount our horses, and leaving a book or some other small present, we start for our home, praying for the blessing of Heaven on our humble labors.





CHAPTER XVIII.

A MEETING OF MISSIONARIES.

THE friends of missions have doubtless often noticed the terms "Mission to Eastern Turkey," "Mission to Western Turkey," and "Mission to Central Turkey." These terms represent geographical divisions of Turkey made by the missionaries for their own convenience. Each mission has its constitution and by-laws, and holds a meeting annually, at which each station is, or may be, represented by at least one delegate.

In June, 1864, the Annual Meeting of the Mission to Eastern Turkey was held at Erzroom. Mr. Burbank and family were present from Bitlis; Mr. Wheeler and family, also Mr. Barnum, from Harpoot, and from the Nesto-

rian Mission, Mr. Cochran and family. Arabkir, Diarbekir, and Mardin, then occupied as stations, were unrepresented. Altogether we were a company of twenty-three Americans, though eleven of the children had never stood on American soil.

Many questions come up in these meetings from year to year, and are discussed until they are settled and disposed of, or until the changes of time and the work render them no longer of importance. One such question was whether books should be sold or given away. At first, missionaries were glad to *give* books to any who would receive them. But it soon became evident that books thus obtained were little prized; indeed, that many were only used for waste paper. Little by little, therefore, the practice of selling books has become more and more prevalent, until now the custom is universal to *sell* and not to give away books. I have often spent hours

inducing a man to pay a few cents for a Testament rather than to give it to him.

Another question now fully settled is the degree to which native preachers and pastors should be educated. At first, taking their standard from our own country, the missionaries were inclined to educate them too much, however paradoxical such a statement may seem. They were educated altogether out of sympathy with the people. Let a young man leave his native village, where knives and forks and chairs and bedsteads are unknown, and going to the theological school, become accustomed and attached to these things, and he can never again conform to the simple habits of his fellow-villagers. It is agreed, therefore, that the aim should be to educate and elevate the pastors and people together, gradually raising the standard from year to year.

Another question has become pretty well

adjusted, — that of self-support. From the first, it has been the aim to make the churches ultimately self-supporting. But the people, especially those in the villages, were miserably poor. The greater part of their land held by landlords who demanded one half the meagre harvest, — the government exacting one tenth of the remainder, — often compelled to entertain without compensation Turkish governors with their retinues, or hordes of barbarians, who would pillage their village if they refused, — what had they left with which to support their own churches or schools?

But it was observed that, notwithstanding all their poverty and oppression, the people still supported their old institutions. The church edifices were larger and finer than their dwelling-houses, filled with pictures, and with candlesticks and other furniture of silver. There were also expensive priestly robes, and in every village two or three ignorant

lazy priests, who ate their bread off the people, exacting a price for administering the sacrament, visiting the sick, and saying prayers for the dead. Now it seemed plain, if the people of the old church could do this, the Protestants, though fewer and poorer, could yet, to a much greater degree, support their simpler and less expensive forms of worship. For many years the effort was made to *persuade* the churches to assume more and more the support of their own institutions, but with little success. The prospect of their ever becoming self-supporting seemed as distant as ever.

At last it was proposed that grants to the native churches from the mission funds be conditioned on certain sums having been previously paid by those churches. After long discussion, this proposition finally took the form of a general rule that no pastor be placed over a church until it is willing to assume the

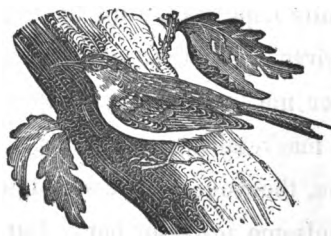
whole responsibility of supporting him, paying at least one half his salary, asking the missionaries to make up what they are unable to pay.

This rule, substantially, has now been adopted throughout all the missions of Turkey, and has worked most admirably. The churches are rapidly becoming independent, and we may now hope that, at no distant day, the missionary work in Turkey may be left entirely in the hands of the native Christians, while our energies are expended on some other land.

In our meeting at Erzroom, there was the usual amount of animated discussion. There was worship too. We had very interesting daily religious services. On the Sabbath, Mr. Cochran gave us a very profitable discourse. The Lord's Supper was administered, on which occasion a little birdling which had during the year found its way into one of the missionary families was consecrated to God in baptism.

The social feature of the meeting is not by

any means to be overlooked. All missionaries are brothers and sisters, and their children cousins ; and on all such occasions they come together as members of one family, hungry for social sympathy. It is one continual feast to the soul, and carries with it sweet memories to cheer the heart during years of missionary toil. The enthusiasm of the children at such a time is unbounded. In a week's space they go through all the childish sports, flirtations, intimacies, and gossiping of years, besides the sober development of childish character, which contact with others alone can secure.





CHAPTER XIX.

ARMENIAN FAMILIES.

AMONG the Armenians, it is common for parents to betroth their children to each other while they are still very young, and it is no strange thing for a young man of sixteen to take to wife a girl of ten or eleven years of age. At the time of engagement, a valuable present is made by the young man or his parents as a pledge of fidelity to his part of the agreement. The engaged parties are carefully kept apart until the time of marriage arrives. Whether a dowry goes with the girl or not, at marriage, depends chiefly upon her marketable value. If she were very acceptable, the young man would be glad to pay a handsome price for her. But if the fa-

ther had several daughters whom he found it very difficult to dispose of, he would be willing to give the young man something for taking one of them off his hands; for if the girls grow up without marrying, it is an intolerable disgrace both to them and to the family. The fear of this often leads parents to murder their female infants, and should you ask a man how many children he had, he would give you the number of his boys, saying nothing of the girls. Though there are schools in most of the villages for the boys, there is little thought of educating the girls. They are trained for drudges, and never imagine they are of any use in the world except as slaves to the men. It is considered a great shame for a man to walk with his wife in the streets, and when he eats, she stands behind him to serve, taking her food afterwards.

But the example and teaching of the missionaries are having a powerful influence to

change this state of things. Not only among Protestants, but also among the Armenians, of the old Church, a strong desire prevails to educate their daughters. Many schools for girls are springing up, and it is becoming a very common thing to see a family sitting or eating together, in their house, or walking side by side on the street, the father affectionately carrying the babe in his arms.

Soon after we reached Erzroom, we had the opportunity of attending a wedding. The girl was an orphan who had lived sometime in Mr. Pollard's family. The young man was the teacher in the Protestant school, who had wooed and won his bride very much as the same thing is done in America.

At the appointed hour a great crowd assembled at the chapel, — men, women, and children, not excepting infants. Most of them sat on their heels on the floor, their shoes off and their caps on. The bride was arrayed in a

bright red dress, with a thin red veil covered with golden spangles, and very neat head-dress, beneath which her dark wavy hair and rosy cheeks looked very prettily. We were sorry to see her head hanging down all the time, as if she had done some mean thing. She had been told by her native friends to assume this dejected air, and she did not dare do otherwise. Indeed, brides, at such times, often shed many feigned tears. The bride and groom entered the chapel separately, and seated themselves far apart, and with great apparent reluctance were afterwards placed side by side. After singing, prayer, and remarks, the couple stood up mechanically to assent to the marriage vows. When called on to join hands they did not move a muscle, and after a short but embarrassing pause, a man who sat near arose and placed their hands together.

The next day we were invited to the bride-

groom's house to the wedding feast. Leaving our shoes and hats in the outer apartment, we passed into a room which was nearly full of men and women, the men sitting on one side and the women huddled together on the other. As we entered, all arose as a mark of respect, and as there was no chair in the room, we took our seats with the rest on the floor. This answered very well for a little while, but when our backs and limbs began to ache and our feet got asleep, it seemed very much like torture. At first the bride was not in the room, but soon came in, and saluting the company, took her position in the corner, standing until we bade her sit. And whenever a new person entered, she arose and stood until that person told her to sit. In this way the poor girl was kept on her feet most of the time. She said nothing to any one, and never once raised her head or eyes.

Soon a cloth was brought and spread on the

floor ; on this a low stool was placed, and on the stool a large round plate of copper. On this table was spread confectionery, burning wax-tapers being stuck around the edge. The candy was then passed to the women only, who, instead of eating it, put it in their pockets to carry home to their children.

The table was then taken out and arranged in another room for dinner, and the women alone invited to sit down. But as Mrs. Pollard was not present and Mrs. Parmelee was not yet familiar with the language, she declined to go out alone with the women. This was likely to lead to trouble, but after grave consultation, it was decided that, as Mr. Pollard and myself were "priests," we might sit down with the women ! So we arranged ourselves on cushions around the low table, drawing over our laps the large napkins provided for the purpose. Around the edge of the table were thin loaves of bread, and as the feast

progressed, the centre of the table was occupied with dish after dish of strange and curious combinations of meat, rice, eggs, raisins, etc., etc. They provided *us* with plates and knives and forks, but the natives all ate from the common dish, using their fingers or wooden spoons. Meanwhile the bride and groom stood behind us, not being allowed to join in the feast. After eating, they brought water in a pitcher and a basin, and washed each one's hands by pouring water over them, just as they used to do when Christ was on the earth. Our feast ended, we returned to our homes.

The bride is not allowed to speak to any one above a whisper in the presence of her husband and mother-in-law for many months, nor can she go out on the street except in company with her mother-in-law. The *bride* is the slave of the house. A young man brings home his young wife, and she is "the bride" until the next younger brother brings home his wife,

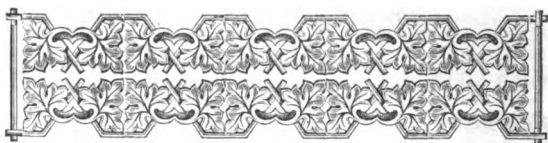
upon whom falls the bride's mantle, with all its accompanying slavery. So it goes on until four or five brides have succeeded each other in the same house, the last one remaining "bride," it may be, for twenty years, the household meanwhile increasing to thirty or forty souls.

While residing in Trebizond a marriage occurred in a neighbor's house conducted after the customs of the old Armenian Church, very beautifully illustrating the parable of the marriage feast. A choir of boys assembled at the house of the bridegroom, and, chanting and bearing torches as they went, conducted him to the house of the bride. There joined by the bride, closely veiled (and sometimes borne in a palanquin or sedan-chair), they went to the church, from which, after the marriage ceremony, they returned to the groom's house, still chanting, flying rockets, and beating drums. When the bride crossed the thres-

hold of her spouse's house, holy water was sprinkled over her, and a blessing pronounced upon her. All night we could hear the music of instruments, the wild, plaintive strains of singing, and the tramp of feet in the dance, mingled with boisterous shouts of Bachannalian revelry.

Infants just born are wrapped in "swaddling clothes" and the heads bound up so tight that their shape is changed for life. When rocked to sleep, they are bound into the cradle and the eyes bandaged. Sometimes the bandage is put on so carelessly the child is suffocated and dies. There is little that may be called family government, unless it be children governing their parents.

One thing is highly commendable, the son or sons are always expected to care for their aged parents, which they do with great fidelity. They could not, without making them beggars, throw them on the public charity, for there are no hospitals.



CHAPTER XX.

CEMETERIES AND FUNERALS.

ONE striking feature of an Eastern city is the extent and population of the "city of the dead." You cannot approach Erzroom from any direction, without passing graveyards. One road has been so cut through a cemetery, that the bones of the dead gape at you in a ghastly manner, from the wall of earth, as you ride along. How impressive the thought that, if these sleeping generations could rise, they would outnumber the living fifty to one! In what striking contrast, too, is this with the state of things in our own land, where, as yet, in many places, one generation has not yet passed away!

The cemeteries of the Moslems are filled

with upright headstones, many of which have lengthy inscriptions, and are finished with a rude carving of a turban at the top. Over some are built high and costly domes. In burying, the Mohammedans leave the corpse in a little chamber, by placing sticks across the grave near the top of the ground, upon which so little earth is thrown that odors from the decaying body escape ; so that in times of plague or epidemic, and many are buried at one time, the air becomes very offensive, and deadly fevers prevail. Fires are often built near these graves to prevent wild beasts from digging into them and devouring the bodies. And when the sticks decay, the earth above falls in, leaving a hole at the surface of the ground. Every Moslem graveyard has hundreds of these holes, into which, in walking, one is in great danger of falling.

Crypts or mausolea are built sometimes in connection with mosques over the tombs of

distinguished heroes and saints. At these holy shrines devout pilgrims gather from every quarter, to make and confirm their most solemn vows, and to repeat their most earnest prayers. At one of these shrines I once saw napkins carefully spread over the tomb to be used by the sleeping hero in his ablutions, when at night he rose for prayer.

The cemeteries of the Christian nationalities have no upright headstones. A solid block of stone is placed lengthwise of the grave, generally without inscription, though sometimes there is a figure of the cross or the carved head of a lamb, symbolical of the "Lamb of God."

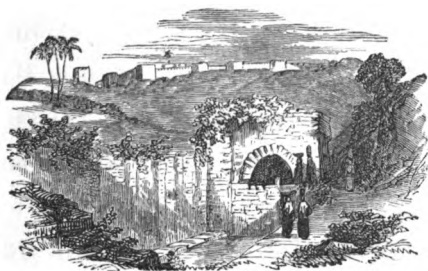
As with the Romanists, churches and monasteries are built over the real or supposed burial-places of saints. About seventy miles south of Erzroom is the celebrated monastery of Sourp Garabed (Holy Forerunner), which was located according to the tradition that the

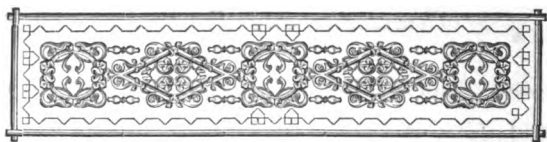
disciples of John the Baptist, unable to find a burial-place for their beheaded leader, wandered hither and thither for many weeks, bearing the headless trunk on an ass, until, at last, getting beyond their wicked persecutors, it found a resting-place on the spot where this monastery now stands. A little before that spot was reached, one of the fingers of the already partially decomposed body fell off, and on that spot the "Finger Monastery" was built. How well this story agrees with the simple account of John's burial given in Matthew (xiv. 12) I leave the reader to judge.

When a man dies, the body is immediately washed and sewed up in cloth, which, with the Moslems, is always green, that being the sacred color. After prayers have been read over the body, it is sometimes placed in a coffin, — though more generally it is buried without a coffin, — and carried on a bier on the shoulders of men to the church, whence, after

various religious services, it is taken to the grave and buried. No women are seen in these funeral processions, and the men move along in a confused crowd, walking rapidly, as if it were a bad job and must soon be over ; talking loudly, as if to frighten away the ghosts of their imaginations, their unsteady nerves knocking the body about in a most irreverent and shocking manner. The women set up a terrible shrieking the moment the body is removed from the house. On one occasion, where I was present, the widow of the deceased rushed madly to and fro through the crowd, tearing her hair, her cheeks and lips blanched, and her eyes rolling wildly. When the body passed out of the door, she screamed to them not to carry off her husband, and attempted to follow on. Being prevented from going out at the door, she tried to get out of the window. Never shall I forget the maniacal expression of her face, as, struggling with the

crowd, she pressed towards the window. A little later the storm had passed, and she was quietly sitting with her friends, who, like Job's friends, had come to comfort her. And she could even take some part in the feast and festivities which invariably follow a funeral occasion.





CHAPTER XXI.

TO ARABKIR.

IT fell to our lot to represent Erzroom in the Annual Meeting of the Mission for 1865, which was held at the house of Mr. Richardson, in Arabkir.

In preparing for this journey, we fitted up a moffah, such as I have described in Chapter V., only smaller, in which the baby, then fourteen months old, could ride in the daytime and sleep at night. In procuring horses, I concluded to try a new method. Instead of hiring them of muleteers, I resolved to buy them and hire my men. Accordingly, I bought several horses, paying from ten to twenty dollars each for them. The usual amount of labor was necessary in preparing

our tent, tent-furniture, cooking utensils, food, and clothing.

The day set for starting, the 19th of May, proved to be very rainy. All the morning we waited and watched, hoping it would clear away. About noon it seemed to promise fair weather, and we hurried to get started. But our men had much trouble in getting the loads properly balanced on the horses, and it was nearly night before we were mounted to start. Just at that moment it began to rain again in torrents. For a moment we hesitated to go forward, but dreading to turn back, protected by our rubber coats, we pushed off. We were only able to reach the nearest village that night, an hour and a half distant. It was too wet to put up our tent, and we were obliged to take a room in a house, which proved to be the corner of a stable, separated from the horses and cattle by nothing but a low railing. Here, although we were very

tired, it was impossible to sleep. All night long we could do little else than listen to the tramping of feet and the lowing of calves, stifled and sickened by the foul, hot air.

The next morning, which was Saturday, though the weather was still bad, we hurried away, hoping to find a more comfortable place in which to spend the Sabbath. It was still too wet and cold to use our tent, and we tried to find a room separate from a stable, imagining from our previous night's experience that not to be in a stable would be happiness enough. We found such a room, but not much happiness. This room was lighted by a round, open hole in the roof about the size of the top of a man's hat, through which the cold, raw wind poured, in a very undesirable manner. We had the hole covered with a piece of oiled paper, but soon a hungry dog came along on the flat roof and began to eat off the paper for the sake of the oil. Two or three times

we were able to frighten him away, but he kept coming back, every time eating off a little more of the paper, until none was left, and we again sat shivering in the cold wind. Two or three times we tried the oiled paper, and every time, in spite of all we could do, the dogs would get it off. At last, choosing darkness in preference to the cold, we covered the hole with paper that was not oiled, and for the remainder of the time we could scarcely see each other's faces. Nor was the room very comfortable even then. If we built a fire of native fuel (we could get no wood), the wind pouring down the chimney filled the room with smoke. With charcoal we could not make fire enough to keep warm. Nor was this all. It was too cold for fleas, but there was a little animal (the same as was sent by God as one of the plagues of Egypt) which got into our clothes, clinging most discourteously to their ill-gotten possession. We

tried to find some one to preach to, but the people seemed to care little or nothing for their wretched souls. It was, indeed, a very unhappy time, and we half decided to return home ; but Monday morning seemed so bright and pleasant that we determined to go on.

And here let me picture our company to you as it appeared on the road. First came our strong and faithful horse "Whitey" with a huge pair of saddle-bags across his back, filled with boxes and bags of bread, doughnuts, cheese, rice, tea, coffee, tea-kettle, cups and saucers, knives and forks, spoons, etc., etc., carefully packed in separate boxes and packages. On these bags were thrown our bedding, and on top of all sat our good man Ara-keal (which means "apostle"). Then followed a horse with a trunk of clothing on one side, and a tent and some other things just equal in weight on the opposite side. Then came the "moffah" horse carrying his pre-

cious burden, and carefully led by a muleteer. Next behind the moffah horse, I followed, that I might be ready, in case of accident to the moffah, to come quickly to the rescue. Many times every day did I dismount to put up or put down the moffah curtain, so that the little girl might be protected from the sun, and yet be able to see out and to have fresh air, — to feed her, or to sit her up or to lay her down, to adjust her pillow or to give her some play-thing or flower. Last of all, but by no means least, came the writer's "better half" on her favorite pony, "Blackey."

Most of the time we were favored with beautiful weather, though the nights were pretty cool for our tent, while the heat of the sun was oppressive by day. To avoid the heat, we often rose at two or three o'clock in the morning, so as to finish our day's journey before the hottest part of the day. Much time and labor were necessary in the morning to

pack up our travelling furniture and baggage and load the horses, and again, after stopping, to unload and settle down for the night. With our loaded horses and moffah, we could not go faster than a walk, and oftentimes the loads on the moffah got jostled out of place, and we must wait until they could be fixed.

As far as Erzingan, a large city about ninety miles west of Erzroom, where we spent our second Sabbath, the road was very good,—so good that carriages may be used for the whole distance. Passing over this road, suggested to my mind the idea of a “travelling wagon” with which to make similar journeys in the future, which was afterwards built in this country through the kindness of many friends, and which now awaits our return to Turkey. The latter part of our way was rough, rocky, and precipitous, passing through a region infested with wild Koords, who often waylay and rob travellers. But from all dangers we were

kindly preserved by our heavenly Father, and we often felt fully repaid for all our hardship and exposure by some grand view of distant mountain peaks rising in solemn majesty one above the other, or by the sight of some yawning chasm through which rushed the Euphrates, the "great river" of Scripture, a gurgling, roaring torrent. And as we reached a milder clime, our eyes were greeted with the sight of gardens filled with clustering vines, and luxuriant fruit trees, or, overhanging some stream, the sweet-thorn, just in blossom, loaded the air with its rich perfume.

By moonlight on the evening of the nineteenth day of our journey, we entered the city of Arabkir, glad enough to find a temporary home in the house of our kind missionary friends.



CHAPTER XXII.

ARABKIR AND HARPOOT.

ARABKIR is a very beautiful city. Its houses are not built closely together, like those in Erzroom, but around each is a large yard or garden filled with fruit and other trees, and watered by little streams that flow through the city. The chief of the fruit trees is the mulberry, so often mentioned in Scripture. It sometimes grows quite large and resembles the oak-tree. The berries are about the size and shape of a blackberry only they are white. They are sweet and rather insipid to the taste, and are used extensively, both fresh and dried, as an article of food, and from the expressed juice, wine, molasses, and a peculiar kind of confectionery, yellow

and thin, like oiled silk, are made. The mulberry is one of the principal products of the region ; from its cultivation large numbers derive their chief support.

Arabkir, when viewed from the top of any of the hills among which it nestles, seems like a forest, or like a series of farmhouses surrounded by fruitful orchards and vineyards. But we found it pretty hot, and the streets are narrow, steep, and stony, so that carts cannot be used, as in Erzroom, and with difficulty can horses go about. We felt that we would not exchange the fine gallops and the clear, bracing air of our own Erzroom plain for the heat and rocks of Arabkir, notwithstanding all its beauty.

The missionary work in Arabkir has ever been very flourishing. The city was occupied only about a dozen years by missionaries, during which time a church of seventy-five members and a congregation of two hundred and

fifty were gathered, two chapels built, schools established, and a great change effected in the erroneous practices of the old Armenian Church and in the moral character of the entire city. And during the three years since the last missionary left the ground, the native Christians have taken up and carried forward the work in a most zealous manner. Rapidly increasing in numbers and strength, they have assumed the entire support of their pastor and teachers, and the care of the work in the city and vicinity. It is a beautiful and striking instance of the missionary work so far completed in a given locality that it may be thenceforth committed to native hands, and the missionary left free to go on to other and more destitute regions. This is the true method of carrying on missions; only by this method can Christ's followers ever expect to conquer the world for him.

Our meeting and visit ended at Arabkir, we started for Harpoot, which we reached in two and a half days, crossing the Euphrates on our way in an old scow.

In Harpoot the houses are crowded together on a high, rocky ridge. There are no gardens or trees in the city, but below it there is a large and fertile plain covered with populous villages. The missionaries' houses are so situated as to command a delightful view of this plain. The fields of grain, — sometimes green, sometimes yellow, — the roads running in every direction, the villages nestling among green trees and pleasant gardens, — altogether present one of the loveliest prospects one ever gazed upon.

With the missionary work at Harpoot, all who read missionary periodicals are familiar. It is, perhaps, the brightest and most interesting spot in all the unevangelized world. Only about a dozen years ago the field was first oc-

cupied by missionaries. They found the people ignorant and debased enough; but never having come in contact with the outer world, they knew nothing of the arts and tricks and artificial life, which they are too quick to catch from foreigners. With docile and simple minds, therefore, they for the most part received the words of the missionaries. It was a remarkable region, too, from the great number of populous villages, which the fertile soil and the temperate climate could sustain, — a climate warm enough for the cultivation of cotton, and many other tropical productions, and yet not so warm as, during the long dry season, to exhaust fountains and streams, and thus to destroy vineyards and fruit trees.

The pioneer work at this station, as at several others of Eastern Turkey, was done by Rev. G. W. Dunmore, who afterwards lost his life in bravely defending the “good old flag.” Mr. Dunmore was an energetic, fearless, and

tireless missionary, well adapted to gain the respect and love of the people, and having peculiar tact at compelling the Turkish governors to grant his wishes. He was a most admirable pioneer.

Mr. Dunmore was followed by three earnest, hard-working men, the same that are still connected with the station, who, in a bold and radical manner, seized upon the idea of throwing the support and care of their own institutions upon the people themselves. A theological school was established, into which only those were admitted who had been thoroughly tried, and who gave evidence of an earnest desire to engage in the humble and self-denying work of preaching Christ to their fellow-countrymen. Care was also used not to educate them out of sympathy with their people. A school was established for the education of girls and the wives of theological students, which, through the persistent and self-denying

labors of the lady missionaries, has done much toward helping forward the good work. Every member of these schools became an active helper. During five months of vacation each year, they are scattered among the villages, and even in term time their Sabbaths are spent in going out on preaching excursions. The valuable assistance which the presence of these seminaries afforded — efficiently and prudently managed by the missionaries — has, under God, wrought out a wonderful result.

There are now more than fifty villages and towns occupied as preaching places for a part or all the year, by pastors, or students still in their course of study. Some dozen churches have been organized, with pastors settled over them, all of them under the rule that from the first the people pay at least *one half* the salary of the pastor, at the same time, assuming responsibility for the whole. Most of these churches are now entirely self-support-

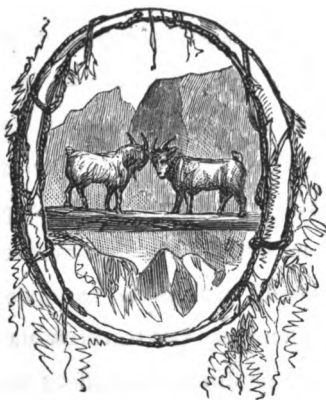
ing, and, together with others in the vicinity, they are organized into an evangelical union, which takes the care of all the churches into its own hands. This "Union" now organizes churches, ordains pastors, attends to cases of discipline which are reported to it from the churches, and cares for the spiritual interests of the territory within its bounds, the missionaries having only an informal advisory connection with it. Of course, at present, they are unable to assume this entire work; but they are rapidly taking the burden upon themselves, entering zealously into the work of evangelizing the regions around them. They propose, even now, to take the entire support and charge of the schools at Harpoot into their own hands, as soon as competent teachers can be found from among themselves. And it is gratifying to know that this policy of throwing the support and care of their institutions upon the people, the practicability of

which has now been so fully demonstrated, is spreading rapidly over the missionary field in all parts of the world ; and under it, there is, humanly speaking, the greatest hope of converting the whole world at an early period to Christ.

Let me not be understood as claiming that the *idea* of this policy originated, in these modern times, at Harpoot. The *idea* has existed more or less prominently in connection with the missionary work from the very beginning. And in the year 1855 it was distinctly announced by the Secretaries of the American Board as its policy. But the missionaries of Harpoot are to be credited with developing and applying this policy in missionary operations more fully than was ever before done.

We attended ordination exercises in two different villages of the Harpoot plain, where crowds were assembled in the open air, no house being large enough to contain them.

In thus going about among the villages, it was interesting to notice how the gospel had not only effected the organization of evangelical churches and Protestant communities, but that its influences had also permeated the whole mass of the people, raising the general standard of thought and education and civilization. It was plain to see that the hearts of all were moved by the good work, even as the leaves of the forest are moved by the wind.





CHAPTER XXIII.

HARPOOT TO ERZROOM.

HASTILY finishing our visit at Harpoot, we prepared to start home on the morning of Tuesday, June 27th. The mail arriving that morning, we delayed a little to read the news of the capture of Jeff Davis, then hastened to overtake our baggage, which had gone on before us. As usual, obliged to help off the rest of the party, I was the last one to mount and leave the door of our missionary friends. My horse had scarcely stepped foot into the street, when, for some unaccountable reason, he began to stumble, and so continued until he fell entirely down, throwing me over his head into the dust, followed by saddle-bags and umbrella. I gathered up myself and

“the pieces” as well as I could, finding nothing seriously damaged. But I had hardly got possession of my inverted senses, when some one shouted that Mrs. Parmelee was off her horse. I hurried forward to learn the trouble, and found her horse was behaving so badly from a sore back that it was impossible for her to sit in the saddle. I knew of the horse’s sore back before, a common and very troublesome thing with horses that are in constant use, under burdens, but had so arranged a cushion under the saddle as I hoped would obviate all trouble. But now it was plain he could not be used. What was to be done? Our baggage was already far ahead, and not a moment was to be lost. Another horse must be had immediately, and what added greatly to my perplexity was the fear that my wife, accustomed to her own easy “Blackey,” could not endure the journey on any other horse. But the good Lord put it into the hearts of

our kind missionary friends to help us out of our dilemma. Mrs. Allen, who had started on her favorite white donkey to accompany us a little way on our journey, very generously offered us the donkey, which was very gratefully accepted. So the donkey carried Blackey's burden, while he, with an apparent air of triumph at his success at shirking, carried nothing but the empty saddle.

At Harpoot, our party was increased by the addition of two girls returning to Erzroom from the girls' school, and to provide for these, instead of buying horses, as I had thus far done, I engaged a muleteer to carry a part of my loads. Now, this muleteer had many horses besides those for which I paid, carrying loads for other men, merchants and travellers. For this reason, it was difficult to make him do as we wished, even though he promised to start and stop according to our pleasure. Let me here explain another thing, that the inci-

dent I am about to relate may be better understood. Our little girl ate little but milk, and for her milk — sometimes cow's, but more often sheep's or goat's — we were obliged to depend on the people of the villages through which we passed. And as the people make all their milk into madzoon immediately after milking, it was impossible to get sweet milk except early in the morning, or late at night, unless perchance we passed a flock of sheep or goats at midday feeding by the roadside, when, for a few cents, the shepherd would gladly fill our bottle with foaming sweet milk, contributed by one of his kind-hearted ewes expressly for the occasion. But it often happened, no opportunity of this kind presenting itself, that the morning's milk got churned to butter by the motion of the horse, or soured by the heat of the sun, or both, before noon, so that the babe must go hungry till night.

One day, after making a very long journey,

it was agreed we should pass the night at a certain village. We reached it about sunset, but our muleteer, who was a good way ahead of us, passed directly by the village and kept hurrying on. We could not call him back, but could only follow on as fast as possible. Just at dark we came to the brow of a long, steep hill, and lest the babe should suffer harm from the stumbling of the horse, our faithful servant took her from her little moffah and walking, carried her in his arms, while the moffah horse, was put in charge of a boy of our company. Fortunately, the pale moon, with her sweet light, helped us on our way. But even with her aid and occasionally shouting at the top of our voices, it was with great difficulty that we could follow our muleteer, who, it afterwards appeared, was leading us far out of our course in search of grass. At last, about nine o'clock, he halted on the grassy bank of a little stream under the overhanging

branches of some willow trees. At another time we should have admired the loveliness of the place and the scene, but we were now too full of trouble to think of any of these things. Our moffah horse and the boy with it had missed the way we had come, and did not come up, and as our tent-pins and bedsteads were on that horse, we must sleep in the open air, and on the ground. Besides, two travelling companions, who had kindly offered to procure milk for us at the village, lost their way also, and the sweet babe had nothing to eat. We sent a man back after the lost members of our party, and spreading our bedding on the grass, we tried to get a little rest. The little girl moaned herself hungry to sleep; but we spent a sleepless night, listening to the tinkling of the bells of the horses grazing near by, gazing at the moon and stars, and watching in vain for the footsteps of the lost horse.

Morning brought no hopeful tidings of the lost ones, and we reluctantly started on, hoping they would come up by the main road which we had left, our faithful servant carrying the baby, still hungry, in his arms, while the muleteer went back in search of them. To the first village we passed, a man was sent for milk, but none was to be found. Our muleteer came up, bringing no definite tidings of the lost ones. Our hearts began to sink within us ; we half concluded our little girl would never see her moffah again, and where she would get anything to eat, besides a crust of "hard tack," was coming to be a very serious question. At last we passed a solitary cow feeding by the roadside, which consented to give a few spoonfuls of milk. This the baby eagerly devoured, and we passed on, gladdened, but still anxious about the lost moffah. A little after this, passing over the brow of a hill, and looking into the valley below, we saw the lost

moffah and our two lost travelling companions coming up by another way. I cannot describe what a burden was lifted from our hearts, and how our thoughts rose in thanksgiving and praise to the good God who had thus delivered us out of this great trouble. The milk of the night before, which our friends had carefully brought along, was still good, and the baby had enough.

We met with no other important adventure until the last night of our journey. We had pitched our tent, and prepared everything for the night,—animated with the thought that this was the last night of our wandering life,—when there came up a terrific thunderstorm, whose flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder so frightened our horses, which were feeding near the tent, that four of them ran away. Much search was made for them during the night without success, and there being no fences to hinder them, it was

quite uncertain which way and how far they had gone, and it seemed to me very doubtful whether we ever saw them again. Morning came, and the prospect of reaching home that day seemed very gloomy. I sent to the village, near which our tent was pitched, and through the chief-man of the village offered a handsome reward to any one who would bring me the horses. Immediately two or three men started out on horseback, and greatly to our relief and joy, in about half an hour brought in the lost horses.

That night, the 6th of July, we entered our own home, worn and tired enough you may well believe, but full of gratitude to our kind Protector, who had brought us thus safely through so many fatigues and dangers.



CHAPTER XXIV.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

THE Mohammedans, contrary to the impression of many, admit the truthfulness of the Bible, though rejecting the divinity of Christ and the trinity of the Godhead. The Old Testament was God's first revelation to men, the New Testament the second, superior to and superseding the first; but the Koran was his third and final and only perfect revelation to men. In support of this view, it is claimed that the "Comforter" promised by Christ was no other than Mohammed himself. Let us see if this view is reasonable or not.

In the Koran is appointed the great fast of Ramazan, during which, for a month, no one can eat a particle of any kind of food, or

drink a swallow of any kind of liquid, not even water, nor even smoke a pipe from sunrise to sunset; but after sunset, during the night, they can eat and drink and smoke as much as they please. Children under seven years of age, travellers on a journey, and the sick are allowed to eat; but all others, no matter how hard they are obliged to work, must observe the fast.

As the Mohammedan months move around through all the seasons of the year, Ramazan sometimes comes in the long, hot days of summer. At such times, the poor laborers, dependent on their daily labor for their bread, suffer an agony of hunger and thirst before the long-delayed sunset breaks their fast. But the majority contrive ways to relieve the full rigor of the law. Perhaps Mohammed thought his followers would conscientiously crucify the flesh in wakefulness from morning to evening. If so, he was quite mistaken.

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At sunset a cannon is fired, when every one begins to eat and drink, and so continues, carousing, it may be, for the whole night, or attending to the business neglected through the day. Just before dawn another gun is fired, when all take their breakfast and again retire for sleep, which continues, with those who are able, until late in the day. In the government offices, and in many other places, nothing is done during the day, all business being transacted at night. This changing day into night and night into day is certainly not consistent with the laws of the Bible, or of nature, and therefore cannot be from God. But if a Mohammedan should travel far to the north, and attempt to keep the fast of Ramazan, where the sun does not set for months, he would die of starvation. God certainly would not ask men to fast themselves to death. It is plain, therefore, that the Koran, cannot be from God.

Ramazan is followed by the feast of Beiram, which continues for three days. In this everything bursts forth as from a long pent-up fountain. Peal on peal of cannon ushers in the welcome day, renewed at each hour of prayer through the three days. All, from the highest to the lowest, put on their best clothes, displaying all the gilt and gauze to which their rank or wealth entitles them. The high dignitaries make formal calls on each other, and receive them from the people, and the masses visit and revisit, eat, drink, and make merry.

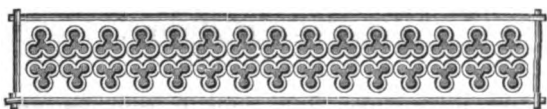
Among the Christians there are a great many fasts, — so many that nearly half the days of the year are fast-days ; but there is only one long fast, which is called the “great fast,” and which answers to our Lent. Before the beginning of this fast, there are fifteen days of feasting, which period is designated “good-living.” During this time they eat all the good

things they can find, — a great deal more than they need. Nor is this the worst. A little before this feast commences, you will see a great many casks and leathern bottles (1 Sam. xxv. 18) loaded on horses and donkeys, going to the different villages, filled with what they call “white-water,” but which you would call *rum*. I saw one man so eager to get some of this wicked stuff to his village that with a rope thrown over his shoulder, he was dragging a cask of it through mud and snow and water *on an old ladder*. Pouring this fiery poison down their throats, the greater part of the people are drunken fools to the end of “good-living,” or at least as long as the rum holds out. This being the principal form of drunkenness found in the country, it would escape the notice of a casual observer who looked for it in the streets and thoroughfares.

When “good-living” ends, most are too sick to eat, so the fast, for a while, is easily

kept. They are forbidden to eat meat or any meat-fat, or fish, also eggs, and milk and anything made from it. The only kinds of food left them are bread and vegetables and olive or other vegetable oil. After this fast of forty-eight days, comes the Easter festival, when for five or six days carousing and drinking are again the order.





CHAPTER XXV.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE are three Christmas-days observed in Turkey. The first of these comes on the 25th of December, the same as in this country. The second is the Greek Christmas, which comes twelve days later, and the third is the Armenian, which is observed twelve days after that.

Let us go to the Armenian church on Christmas morning, and learn what the ceremonies are. We must bundle up warm, for it is very cold, and there will be no fire in the church, and must start as early as three o'clock in order to be in season. The church is the largest building in Erzroom, built of beautiful cut stone, with a sloping roof cov-

ered with brick tiling and resting on high and graceful arches supported by large pillars within.

We are jostled by the eager throng as we pass the vestibule and enter the already crowded church. Not a seat is to be seen; the stone floor is covered with cushions, where the men sit on their heels. The women occupy the gallery over the vestibule, before which is lattice-work to protect them from the gaze of the men. Thousands of candles pour forth their silvery light from altar and dome and pillar and chandelier. An attendant meets us at the door, and leading us forward, gives us a seat near the altar, provided expressly for guests.

Here we have a fine opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passes. A beautiful silver star hangs over the altar, representing the star in the east which the wise men saw, and under it is the picture of Mary and the babe

Jesus, and the wise men offering spices, frankincense, and myrrh. A priest is reading a portion of the Church service, which no one understands, for it is written in the ancient Armenian language, which they do not know. Besides, he reads so indistinctly, in such a sing-song, nasal tone, that they would not understand, were he to use their own everyday language.

And now comes the bishop, in great pomp, dressed in costly silken robes, covered with golden spangles and lace, wearing a splendid mitre on his head, and bearing in one hand a massive silver cross, and in the other the golden mace of his office. A crowd of attendants precede and follow him, making a great uproar with shouting of voices, clangor of bells, and beating of cymbals. Violently they shake the censer before him, that he may breathe no unhallowed air; carefully they prepare a way for him, and as he ascends the

altar, gently do they assist him, casting carpets and cushions in his way, that his holy feet may not be soiled. He seems the object of their worship more than the Saviour whose birth they are celebrating. This bishop pretends to be a successor of the apostle Thaddeus; but I doubt if Thaddeus, or any other of the apostles, ever entered a church with such pomp as this.

Standing at the altar, the bishop conducts the service; sometimes he reads, sometimes a priest reads, then this choir of boys at our right, dressed in green and red, respond with their fine, musical voices. It is as fascinating as a theatre, but it is strange any one could call this pleasing to the meek and lowly Jesus.

Turning from the altar, the bishop now takes a seat, an attendant carefully raising the skirts of his costly robe and placing them behind his chair. He begins to preach, roar-

ing at the top of his voice, that all may hear. But this is impossible, so only a few that are near try to hear, and the rest talk among themselves or run out and in, as they like, making it seem more like a wild rabble than a religious meeting. He speaks awhile in Armenian, then in Turkish, as there are many Turks and Greeks and Europeans present who understand Turkish, but do not Armenian.

The sermon over, the bishop again stands at the altar, and a priest approaches bearing a silver cup in his hands high raised over his head, his arms supported by an attendant on either side. In the cup is wine, and on it is a plate with bread. Receiving these from the priest, the bishop places them on the altar, and raising the bread high above his head, the vast audience bow in adoration, signing the cross. Then follow the prayers, chants, and responses, which are necessary to the consecra-

tion of the bread and wine, after which the bishop breaks the bread into the wine, and, stepping to the edge of the platform, places a bit of the consecrated mixture on the tongue of each communicant as he passes along. Children partake equally with adults, and babes not a day old are hurried to the church to be baptized, and to receive the communion, that they may be prepared for early and sudden death.

At our right hand sits a priest, before whom the people bow, one by one, kissing his hand, humbly confessing their sins and seeking absolution, which is necessary before partaking of the communion. Thus in the midst of all this pomp, ostensibly for Christ, he is deliberately and openly insulted.

And now comes the last great ceremony of the occasion, the baptizing of the cross. A vessel of consecrated water is placed on the platform. Two little boys are robed in glit-

tering white, whose privilege it is, for which a large sum has been paid the church, to take from the water the baptized cross. The bishop then gently drops the cross into the water, after which a vartabed approaches from the altar, holding high in his hands a silver dove full of holy oil, — oil which they claim has boiled without fire, miraculously, and which is used in baptism, ordination, and every other holy ordinance. Holding this silver dove over the vessel, amidst the singing of the last grand chorus, in which the utmost strength of choir and orchestra is united, he gently tips forward three times the beak of the dove, — once for each of the three Persons of the Trinity, — each time pouring a drop of the oil into the water. The boys now draw the cross from the vessel, and the ceremonies conclude.

But the people are pressing forward, as you see, with cups and vials and pitchers, eager to

get, if it may be, but a drop of the holy water in which the cross has been baptized, confident it will heal all their diseases.

On the evening of "Good Friday," the Armenians have a ceremony which is called the "burial of the cross." A large wooden cross is placed in a coffin, and in the darkness of night, in the dim glare of torch-lights, a solemn funeral pageant carries it about the streets, and at last lays it away in the grave. On Easter Sunday morning, the cross is taken from its grave, and with due ceremonies placed in a triumphant and exalted position in the Church.





CHAPTER XXVI.

RECKONING TIME.

THE sun follows his regular daily circuit among the mountains of Ararat as elsewhere, and seed-time and harvest do not fail to succeed each other according to the promise ; but the Turkish methods of reckoning time are clumsy and inconvenient to the last degree. It is true, the Turk, like the rest of mankind, divides the day into twenty-four hours ; but instead of beginning his day at an invariable point of time, as twelve o'clock noon, he takes sunset as the starting-point, making that twelve o'clock. But as sunset changes more or less, constantly, according to the latitude, to keep with Turkish time you must alter your watch every day ; or, which is

easier, adjust the regulator so that from December 20th to June 20th your watch will lose about one minute per day, and from June 20th to December 20th will gain in the same proportion. You can then regulate your time-piece by the sunset call to prayers of the Muezzin ; but you are always harrassed by the fact that the same hour marked by your watch is not the same time of day one day with another.

The reckoning of the year is even worse. Here the Christian sects are not fully agreed. The year of the Armenians and Greeks is the same in length with our own, but it begins twelve days later, and the dates differ by so much throughout the year. The Moslem year consists of twelve lunar months, and is, therefore, about eleven days shorter than our year. In thus adopting the lunar month, Mohammed followed the Arabic practice, in existence long before his day ; but with the same stupid-

ity which characterizes most of his regulations, he rejected the wholesome custom of intercalating an extra month every third year. Thus the months follow each other around through all the seasons of the year, and the number of years reckons up faster than those in the Christian era. By Turkish reckoning, it is now the 1284th year since the Hegira, which occurred in A. D. 622, only 1246 Christian years ago. The Mohammedan calendar has, therefore, gained thirty-eight years, and if the world and the Mohammedan religion stand long enough, the Moslem calendar will count as many years as the Christian. Where the sun is variable, as in the measurement of the day, the Moslem follows it; but where it is constant and unchangeable, as in the measurement of the seasons, he abandons the sun and takes up with the fickle moon, thus foisting an unnatural and inconvenient calendar upon all his followers.

Names.

The names among the Armenians strikingly illustrate ancient Eastern customs. In the Bible we have Joshua the son of Nun, David the son of Jesse, etc. So now in Turkey we have John the son of Peter, James the son of Isaac, etc. A man always names his first-born son for his father. For instance, here is Peter, whose father's name was Gregory, therefore, he is called Peter son of Gregory. Peter's oldest son is named Gregory, who is, of course, Gregory son of Peter, and so on, Peter and Gregory following each other alternately down through generation after generation until, perchance, by death the thread is broken. But even then, should the oldest son die, and another son afterwards be born, he would take the name of the deceased brother. They confine themselves almost exclusively to Bible names, and delight especially, as did the patriarchs, in significant ones.

For instance, — Haroutune, Resurrection, — Hampartsumn, Ascension, — Arakeal, Apostle, — Muggurdich, Baptist, — Garabed, Fore-runner, — Astadour, Gift of God, — Khachadour, Gift of the Cross, — are names very commonly met with. Again, men are very often distinguished by the city of their birth or their trade. In the Bible we read of Jesus of Nazareth, Saul of Tarsus, Joseph the carpenter, etc. So now in the East similar expressions are household words. To live in the midst of such customs, gives fresh meaning and new glow to the pages of the Word of God.

Bathing.

Mohammedans are required to bathe hands, face, and feet before prayers, which, if they observe faithfully five times a day,* secures to

* The first call to prayer is at dawn in the morning, the second at noon, the third about the middle of the afternoon, the fourth at sunset, and the fifth an hour and a half after sunset.

them a cleanliness superior to that of Christians. While the women of a Christian house scour and clean their wooden and copper furniture to the last degree, they are exceedingly careless of their own and their children's persons. Once a month, it may be, they go *en masse* to the "bath," — the genuine "Turkish bath," — where thorough work is made of bathing, and with fresh, clean clothes and well-combed hair, the household are quite regenerated. But this must answer for a month.

Women with children attending a bath must serve themselves, paying but a small fee. To men, attendants are furnished, and a larger fee demanded. As soon as the person is likely to be exposed in the dressing-room, an attendant fastens a towel to the waist which extends to the feet. Another towel is afterwards passed over the shoulders, extending below the waist. In this attire he enters the bath enclosure,

which is surrounded by solid stone walls, and has various small domes in the roof, a few bull's-eye lights of glass in each dome affording the only light. A large fountain of hot water bubbles up in the centre. Around the sides are stalls, each having a faucet which lets on hot water in any quantity. The floor is hot, and the air heated to over a hundred degrees, and full of steam. A strange feeling comes over one, as if he were in the heart of a volcano. Seating himself in one of the stalls, the pores of the skin fairly gape, and streams of perspiration trickle off the person. One can sit as long as he pleases enjoying the soothing, sedative sensation. At last, nodding assent to the attendant, he approaches, and with his mittens of goat's hair cloth, gently but vigorously rubs the person, removing all the old dead skin, which has now become thoroughly dissolved and loosened, leaving one feeling much as a snake is supposed to feel

immediately after shedding his last year's skin. Then he is lathered from head to foot, and barrels of warm water are poured over his head.

No one who has never experienced it can have any conception of the new and clean sensation which this bath affords.

Smoking.

Nearly everybody in Turkey smokes, but I never saw one who used snuff or chewed,—those filthiest and most repulsive forms of using the weed. Clay pipes or cigars are never used, but cigarettes are very common. The smoker carries a box of “fine-cut” in his pocket, and with it a small “primer” of blank leaves. Whenever he sits down, he draws out his tobacco-box, tears a leaf from the primer, lays a little fine-cut on it, expertly rolls it up, wetting the edge of the paper so as to stick it together, proceeding at once to smoke it,



Water Carriers of Constantinople,

With their lenthern water casks, smoking the narghileh and chibouque.

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Water Carriers of Constantinople,
With their leathern water casks, smoking the narghleh and chibouque.

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with or without a mouth-piece, according to taste.

It would shock an old smoker to see the streams of smoke that pour out of the nose as well as the mouth. And yet, as the tobacco is much milder than that used in this country, its stimulating effects are scarcely perceptible.

The "chibouque" is a bowl with a straight stem about the size, shape, and length of a hoe-handle, though they are often used much shorter. While in use, the bowl rests on the floor in a small brass dish, designed to catch the fire and ashes.

The narghileh is the most curious of all. This consists of a glass decanter nearly full of water. The bowl for the tobacco is placed at the mouth of the decanter, the tube from which passes directly down into the water. Another tube, long and flexible, opens into the air-chamber above the water, the other end being provided with a mouth-piece. Ex-

hausting the air over the water forces other air over the burning tobacco down into and through the water below. This makes such a "hubble-bubbling" in the water that by some it is called a "hubble-bubble." The smoke cannot be drawn through by sucking; the whole force of chest expansion must be thrown upon it, which carries all the smoke through the lungs. There is but little smoke, however, and that has become much cooled by passing through the water and such a length of tube.

Coffee shops are furnished with numbers of narghilehs, one of which is considered indispensable to accompany a cup of coffee.





CHAPTER XXVII.

• *PERSECUTION.*

THE guarantees of religious liberty are as perfect in Turkey as in any country in the world. Each Christian subject is recognized by the government, not individually, but through the particular religious community to which he belongs. There are the Armenian, the Greek, the Catholic, and the Protestant communities, each one having a chief-man in every town and city, who is appointed to represent his community before the government. If a man wishes to establish any right, or to gain redress for any wrong, he can gain the ear of the government through the representative of his community. If a man chooses, he has the right to become a Protes-

tant, and can demand perfect protection in so doing. But it is rare one fully enjoys this right. Enemies being numerous, powerful, and unscrupulous, — the officers of the government unhesitatingly deciding in favor of those who give the largest bribes, — Protestants often for a season suffer bitter persecution. But in the end justice is sure to be done, and the right of Protestants fully vindicated.

A particular case will best illustrate how such things work. In Chevermeh, a village about fifty miles south of Erzroom, is a very flourishing Protestant community, whose light spreads into the surrounding villages. In one of these villages, — Elpis, — a man named Hohannes was bold enough to stand up alone and avow himself a Protestant, and to battle for the truth. This excited the enmity of his neighbors, who feared his presence would operate as leaven, and they determined to drive him off. In order to accomplish this, they harrassed

him in every possible way, — they refused him water for irrigation, so that his crops came to naught; they broke into his house and robbed him of his summer's supply of butter and chickens; they denied him his allotted portion of hay,* and when his friends in Chevermeh sent hay to him, the villagers would not allow it to be brought to his house.

Weighed down with this burden of trials, the persecuted man visited Erzroom, hoping for redress at the hands of the Pasha. But in his absence his enemies carried a letter to the Moodir or governor of the district, which *purported* to be an order from the Pasha of Erzroom, commanding Hohannes, the Protestant, to leave the village. The Moodir immediately sent an officer to execute the order. Eagerly assisted by the enraged villagers, he proceeded to remove the household furniture, and to pack it on a cart. The poor wife, in

* The grass lands being common to all the villagers.

her extremity, left her children and goods to the mercy of the mob and hastened to Chevermeh, a half-hour distant, seeking counsel of her friends there. They advised her to remain in her house, at all hazards, whatever they might do with the goods. Returning, she so resolutely adhered to this advice that her enemies were completely unmanned, and finally returned the goods to the house, and for the time abandoned their evil purpose.

Meanwhile, Hohannes succeeded in obtaining an order from the Pasha, commanding the Moodir to protect him in the peaceable possession of his rights. But the Moodir, having just before received a pretended order from the Pasha to drive him from the village, he was left free to disregard both orders. So he left the poor man to be persecuted by the diabolical inventions of his hostile neighbors, who told him plainly they intended to make the place too hot for him.

A short time after this, the Pasha made a visit to that region, when Hohannes' enemies roused themselves to one more mighty effort to rid their village of his presence. By bribing subordinate officers of the Pasha, they succeeded in preventing the Protestants gaining access to him. There, by false accusations and many lying intrigues, they secured their purpose. Whether the Pasha really acted in the matter or not, is uncertain; but at any rate, his officers, pretending to act under his orders, took Hohannes violently, and with his family and the few goods that were left him, carried him to Chevermeh, and left him in the middle of the street. There the poor man found temporary shelter in a small room adjoining the Protestant chapel.

There was now but one alternative. We could not submit; for, aside from the injustice done to this one man, a principle was involved which lay at the foundation of the work in the

whole empire. Appeal must be made to the Porte. Accordingly, a petition was drawn up, praying for redress from the general government, and, being signed by all the Protestants in Chevermeh, was forwarded to Constantinople.

But the route to justice *via* Constantinople is a very long one. Therefore, after impatiently waiting several months for a reply, it was thought best again to bring the matter before the Pasha. Perhaps he had heard of the appeal to the Porte, and would gladly anticipate its decision in our favor; or, perhaps, conscious of the wrong he had done to an innocent man, he would gladly seize an opportunity to right the wrong; or possibly he was entirely ignorant of the action of his subordinates, by which Hohannes was expelled from his village. At least, it would do no harm to try; and quite to our surprise, with great seeming alacrity, he issued an order that Ho-

hannes be restored to his village, which order was obeyed by the Moodir with equal promptness, and Hohannes once more found himself in his own house. But his land was not yet restored to him, nor had any reparation been made for losses he had suffered, and he was now well-nigh reduced to starvation.

Finally, my associate, Mr. Pollard, being about to visit that region, obtained from the Pasha new, full, and stringent orders, taking with him a zabtieh or police officer, to whom every foreigner is entitled as a body-guard in travelling. Presenting the orders to the Moodir, he demanded their immediate execution, who, seeing no alternative, called the parties before him. Hohannes' enemies readily agreed to restore the land, and proposed twenty bushels of wheat as an indemnification for his other losses, which, though not fully repaying him, he consented to accept.

It now remained to collect the wheat, and to

make sure the title to the land. And here the zabtieh from Erzroom was of especial service. He was uninfluenced by the fear or favor of any one in that region, and cared to please no one except Mr. Pollard, in whose service he temporarily was, and from whom in the end he hoped to receive a handsome acknowledgment. He was ordered to see that the wheat was collected and delivered, and afterwards to secure the deeds to the land, and place them in Hohannes' hands. He first went to the chief-man of the Armenians in the village of Elpis, and demanded the immediate delivery of the stipulated amount of wheat. At this, the chief-man was not a little chagrined, as he had hoped in some way to avoid complying with his own solemn agreement. But that was impossible now,—the zabtieh stood before him with drawn sword, and nothing would answer but prompt and vigorous action. He therefore ordered a man to follow

him with a bag, and going from door to door, he demanded of each house its due proportion of wheat. Nor was the zabtieh content until the last grain had been delivered over to Hohannes, — himself carefully inspecting the measurement, to be sure there was no cheat.

The zabtieh was no less diligent and successful in securing the deeds of the land and delivering them to Hohannes. It was therefore a complete triumph, — permanent, too ; for, to this day, Hohannes remains in the undisturbed enjoyment of all his rights. Nor is this all ; in this village where *one* Protestant could not live peaceably a few years ago, a *community* is now growing up, nobody molesting or making afraid.

With such a struggle the work almost invariably begins, in every village and city, as invariably resulting, by the blessing of God, in the triumphant establishment of free Protestant communities, thanks to the Turkish

government with all its sins. While this government stands, Protestantism must rapidly spread. Should it fall, there is little hope of the same freedom under another. The lesson for Protestants, then, is to work unremittingly and vigorously to plant the truth so firmly *now*, that no revolution or change which may follow can uproot it.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO TREBIZOND.

THE same old story, — breaking down with overwork. So it always has been, so it ever must be so long as the Church permits her missionaries, unreinforced, to stagger and struggle on under an overwhelming burden. Though in a dry and bracing climate, — the healthiest in the world, — the struggle to master a difficult language, anxiety to engage early in the good work, in addition to the ordinary cares of a wife and mother, so reduced a naturally delicate constitution, that in September, 1866, Mrs. P. suffered a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Medical advice insisted that we leave Erzroom, and spend the winter in the milder climate of

Trebizond on the sea-coast. We therefore made haste to prepare for the journey, though in the midst of sickness which prostrated nearly every member of the family.

Our first work was to put up in boxes such things as we should need for the winter, covering them with oil-cloth or thick felt to protect them from the rain during the journey. For the family, it was first proposed to put the two little girls into baskets fastened to the two sides of a horse, while Mrs. P. rode her easy black donkey. But a snow-storm which occurred a few days before we were to start led us to consider how she would keep warm on the donkey in the midst of such a storm. We therefore gave up the baskets, and adopted the *moffahs*, large enough for both mother and children. And as the "baby" must ride with her mother on one side, while only the little girl sat in the opposite side, we were obliged to make up the deficiency in weight

with books, copper mortars, flat-irons, and other heavy articles. The donkey was also taken along, so that, for a change, Mrs. P. could in pleasant weather ride him, the nurse-girl meanwhile taking her place in the moffah.

All things being ready, we started on Tuesday, the 23d of October. The weather was likely to be so cold that we could not use a tent, so we took none, depending on such rooms as we could find on the road. The first night we lodged in a stable. We did not exactly sleep with the horses and cows, for we had one corner all to ourselves, separated from the rest of the stable by a low railing. Here we put up our camp-bedsteads, opened our folding table, prepared beds for the little girls in the moffahs, — one of which had been provided with rockers for the “baby,” — built a fire in the chimney-place, made a cup of tea, after drinking which, and committing our-

selves to the kind protection of Him who was *born* in a stable, with far less to make him comfortable than we now enjoyed, we gave ourselves to sleep.

In the night our apartment was invaded by some rascal bent on plunder, but the screams of the nurse-girl, who first became aware of his presence, caused him to beat a hasty retreat, going as empty as he came. Though doubly barring the door, we could not altogether forget our surprise and alarm, which, together with the tinkling of the bells of our caravan horses in an adjoining stable, quite banished farther sleep from our eyes. And long before light the muleteers' bustle of preparation, and the regular beating of the deep base bells of the leading horse,* gradually dy-

* The leading horse is the most ambitious one in all the caravan, naturally going before all. Besides other bells, he carries two large ones suspended from a strap which passes over his back, different from any others in the caravan, and which may be heard at the distance of two or three miles.

ing away in the distance, gave us notice that it was morning, and we, too, must be on our way.

The morning was dark and cold ; rain mingled with flakes of snow. But nothing was to be gained remaining in this cheerless stable. We started, therefore, on our chilling ride, but must have despaired of completing it, had not our kind heavenly Father parted the clouds, and allowed the sun to pour a flood of light and warmth down upon us. Our courage returned, and we completed our day's journey, though long, wearisome, and dangerous from the deep and slippery mud.

The next day we crossed a high mountain covered with deep snow. On the descent the road was very steep and slippery. Most of the party dismounted and walked, but Mrs. P. and the children were obliged to remain in the moffahs, where they were often in great peril. One horse just before the moffah horse,

loaded with boxes, fell and with great difficulty was again brought to his feet. Nothing but the utmost efforts of the muleteers and those walking, under God, kept the moffah horse from falling and dashing all to pieces.

Two more days over a good road, along the Baiboort River, brought us to the city of Baiboort, where we spent the Sabbath, and gained a little rest, which we greatly needed. Two more days, Monday and Tuesday, brought us to the foot of another steep and difficult mountain. Wednesday morning, as we began to ascend this mountain, it seemed quite warm, but we had not gone far before the fierce, wintry winds, loaded with sleet and mist, seized us so sharply that our fur and rubber clothing seemed almost useless to keep us warm and dry. In a few hours' time, we had passed from summer to winter. When we reached our stopping-place, it was snowing briskly, and all night long, the cold, bleak mountain

winds howled angrily around the hut which sheltered us.

The next morning we started on the newly fallen snow, with the prospect of a pleasant day. But soon the clouds gathered about us in a threatening manner, and when we began to descend the mountain, it had already rained enough to cause deep mud. Down, down, down we went, the poor moffah horse slipping all about in the clayey mud under his enormous load, keeping us constantly in breathless anxiety respecting the moffahs and their precious burden. It was a long and wearisome day's journey, especially to my dear wife, who, unable to ride the donkey at all, had been obliged to remain cramped up in the moffah full nine hours. When at last we reached our stopping-place, she threw herself on a mat in an agony of exhaustion and pain. But the night's rest partially restored her strength, and on the morning of the last day

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of our journey, we were all cheered with the pleasant prospect of soon being at our journey's end.

We had reached the foot of the mountain, and we hoped to find better travelling, especially as a part of our way was a newly-built carriage road. But in this we were sadly disappointed. The rain had softened the newly thrown up earth so that a horse would sink in very deep. One by one the horses began to get stuck in the mire, and to fall down. We picked our way along, carefully selecting the best places for the moffah horse, with his enormous and priceless burden. At last we reached a place which it seemed impossible to pass. Seven horses and mules lay all about, floundering in the mud or rolling down the steep bank at the side of the road. For some minutes we looked on, utterly at a loss what to do. Gathering a little courage, however, we began to devise some means of overcoming

the difficulty. I first went forward alone, carefully avoiding those places in which so many animals had fallen. I soon found myself safely across, and returned to assist the moffahs over the dangerous place, and to help along our dear donkey, which, by the way, if my affection for him does not mislead me, is a more timid than stubborn animal. In a few minutes all our party had passed the slough. We breathed more freely, and immediately went forward to a khän, where we rested, ate a lunch, and waited for the muleteers to dig out and bring up the animals that were buried in the mire.

Soon again on our way, we reached Trebizond, having been eleven days on the road, muddy, dirty, tired, wet, sick, and sore, but happy and very grateful to our kind Preserver that our journey was at last at an end. While we, however, were so jaded and worn, our little girls had actually profited by the

journey. Free from care, ignorant of the dangers of the way, breathing the outdoor air, eating heartily, and delighted with the ever-changing sights and sounds that met their eyes and ears, they grew fat and strong.





CHAPTER XXIX.

EXCURSION TO KERASOON AND ORDO.

TEARING of considerable religious interest in several towns on the coast west of Trebizond, I resolved to make an excursion in that direction during the winter we spent there. Accordingly, taking our colporter, Pillibos (Philip), as interpreter and assistant, I took passage in one of the many steamers which constantly touch at Trebizond, and leaving the lights of the city just as night set in, reached Kerasoon about midnight.

This is a very busy little place. The hills all about are covered with hazel trees; and from this place thousands of bags of filberts are exported yearly. Such quantities as fill the market are quite surprising; and often

the steamers are unable to take all that are ready to go.

Going ashore in a small boat, we went to a khän to find a room in which to lodge while remaining in the place. The "khäns," or "Caravanserais" of Turkey are generally low and dark, and consist of a large room, which is used for a stable, with a few small rooms — or, perhaps, only one — provided with mats, on which travellers may sleep. Each traveller, however, must provide his own bedding, or do without, and his own food. Sometimes the "khängee," or khän-keeper, will furnish bread and coffee and madzoon, and possibly eggs, — for a price.

The khän we now entered was quite superior to the ordinary class. It was built of cut stone, three stories high, in the form of a hollow square, surrounding a court, or yard within, in the centre of which was a fountain. Around the inner side of the khän were gal-

leries, or corridors, one above the other,—all the rooms opening off these corridors. The rooms in the lower story were used for shops, and some of those in the second story. The remainder were lodging-rooms, occupied chiefly by natives of distant villages, who, leaving their families at home, come here to buy and sell, or to work at their trades.

It was a very nice place in which to expose our books for sale, and to engage the people in discussion. It soon became known that the Protestant missionary had arrived, and one and another began to come in, while at night our room was thronged, until a late hour, by those who wished to talk on religious subjects. Some were eager to dispute, others came, curious only to see and hear, while a few had a sincere desire to learn the way of life. One young man, in particular, showed all the eagerness and docility of a child. It was a blessed privilege to point out to him

the errors into which his Church has fallen, and to help plant his feet on the rock, Christ Jesus.

After spending two days at Kerasoon, during which we sold several Bibles and Testaments, and other religious books, we took passage for Ordo, a town of some three thousand inhabitants. Here the people raise filberts also ; but the chief productions are rice, beans, and Indian corn. As our steamer moved into the bay of Ordo, she was met by a fleet of small boats, loaded with bags of beans, each eager to reach the steamer, to discharge its load before the others. One with a mast came close alongside the steamer while she was still in motion, and the mast, catching under one of the steamer's spar ropes, it was gradually drawn down lower and lower until the water began to pour in, and at last, under the eyes of the passengers and crew of the steamer, she disappeared, with her cargo of

beans, under the clear blue water, the men on board saving themselves only by jumping or swimming to the other small boats.

Ordo is curiously situated on the semi-circular face of a high promontory which shoots boldly out into the sea. The houses overhang each other on the steep declivity, and though a few are very pretty, the greater part seem but half finished.

We were met on the shore by a number of those who had long been anxiously watching for our coming; for the Bible had long before found its way there; the people had been reading it, and seeing the errors of their old Church, they had begun to protest against them until a great commotion had been raised, and the friends of the Church had sent to Trebizond for the bishop to come and calm the troubled waters. And immediately on my arrival fresh letters were forwarded to the bishop, insisting that, now the Protestant

missionary had arrived, all would become Protestant, if he did not hasten to save his flock. This brought him by the next steamer, and three other leading Armenians with him.

The bishop and his companions tried very hard to stop the good work. They said the Bible was not for common people to read, but only for "theologians;" they threatened to gather up all the Protestant books in the town, and actually did collect those in the school, and some others; they called Boghos the leading and most active friend of the truth, and failing to persuade him to abandon his new ideas, began to injure him all they could. He had a little shop, where he sold medicines which were owned by another man. They persuaded this man to take the medicines away from him, thus ruining his business. They afterwards drove him from his house, and sent him to prison on the plea of debt.

Meanwhile, I remained undisturbed in the

house provided for me by the brethren, receiving the throngs who pressed upon me, encouraging and leading them in the way of life. Having passed some ten days in this way, I began to watch for a steamer to take me back alone, while my companion remained until a permanent helper could be sent. But as all the steamers do not touch at Ordo, I was obliged, after waiting three days, to take a small sail-boat as far as Kerasoon, where all the steamers stop.

Our boat was loaded with bags of Indian meal, and was to make the passage in the night, because, at night, a gentle breeze blowing off land would help us on our way. Getting astride a stalwart boatman's back, I was carried through knee-deep water, and dumped into the boat, which was aground on the bar made by the waves in rebounding from the shore. Long and vigorously did the boatmen struggle, some standing waist deep in the

water, and others working with poles in the boat to get her afloat. At last, just as the evening star was sinking behind the town, a gentle breeze pulling at our spread sail, our boat rippled gently along over the glassy surface of the water, and we were fairly on our way.

Our little craft was heavily loaded, so that when the sail pulled well to one side, she seemed ready to take in water and go down. Besides the Indian meal, there were a few barrels of salt on board, which my friends were smuggling along. The Turkish government monopolizes the salt mines of the country, and prohibits importation. Nearly every man on the coast is therefore tempted to engage in introducing it from Russia. The bags with us were a part of some cargo which was being distributed along the coast. Before we reached Kerasoon, our boat put up to the shore, and the bags were left at a lone place in the woods.

In the bow of the boat, before the bags of meal, there was only room for the oarsmen. In the stern the passengers, consisting of an Armenian, with his wife and one child, another Armenian, an old Turk, and myself, huddled over a stone hollowed out like a dish, and filled with hot coals. The woman was seasick, the old Turk was sleepy, the Armenians were talkative, and I sat musing and warming my hands and feet over the coals. Thus quickly passed the hours until eleven o'clock, when the appalling discovery was made that the fire had gone out. Not a match could be found on board. A January night was before us, and we in an open boat without a fire. We could only make the best of it. I wrapped more snugly around me my fur-lined coat; I opened my bedding, and stretching myself on the bags, spent the night in the vain attempt to keep warm. Sleep was out of the question; but listening to the gentle ripple

of the boat, gliding before the wind, or when the sail flapped idly against the mast, to the measured plash of the boatmen's oars, morning dawned on us entering the bay of Kerasoon.

Another day brought me to my Trebizond home. A helper was immediately sent to Ordo, who has remained there to this day, preaching to large numbers who are interested in the good word of God. Boghos is in the Theological School at Marsovan, preparing to preach the gospel. Persecution does not cease, but in due time I am confident it will cease, and a flourishing community be established there.





CHAPTER XXX.

VISIT TO GOUKLOU.

ABOUT ten miles from Trebizond are several Protestant families and a little chapel, where, as often as possible, meetings are held for prayer and preaching. Piloted by two of the brethren who had come down from the village in the morning, I started on Saturday afternoon to go out to hold one of these meetings on the Sabbath. My guides, dressed in their butternut-colored, homespun cloth, and untanned leather sandals, walked, while I rode my faithful "Whitey."

Twenty miles in one day seems like a pretty long walk, but the natives often walk it, carrying a heavy burden. Too poor to

own a horse or a donkey, they lash enormous bags of charcoal, or large packages of wood, to their backs and walk miles to market. Often a whole family — father, mother, and children, girls and boys, from eight years old and upwards — may be seen thus loaded marching in procession towards the city. And when the loads have been sold for a few cents, on their return home at least one tenth must be left at the custom-house on the outskirts of the city.

My guides had large pockets hung from their shoulders, in which they had brought butter or eggs or cheese to market, and in which they were now carrying home calico and cotton cloth. And not satisfied with walking and busily talking, one of them further improved his time *spinning*. Having a knot of wool twisted around the wrist, and a small spindle suspended from it by the already spun thread, every few steps he would

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give the spindle a whirl across his knee, and then drawing out the wool with his fingers, leave it to twist by the whirling of the spindle. Then winding up the thread on the spindle, he would spin a new thread as before, and so on. Men are often seen knitting, also, as they walk along or lounge about khäns and shops. It is a curious fact, which will interest those ladies in our country who know how to knit (unhappily not so large a class as formerly) to learn that the people of Turkey always knit with *five* needles, and commence a stocking at the *toe*. And while the men thus spin and knit, the women are often seen digging, sowing, and reaping in the fields.

Our road lay for a little distance along the seashore, where the wild, angry waves, by their fantastic dashing and loud roaring, afforded plenty of diversion. Soon we turned away from the seashore and began to pass up and across high ridges and down through-

deep gorges. The road was very rough ; full of ledges and mud and stones, and so steep — sometimes up and sometimes down — that I was afraid I should either fall off my horse backwards, or pitch over his head forwards. My pony, however, did not mind these things, but carried me quickly and safely over. And it was very delightful to pass among so many trees and bushes, and to see so many grand old mountains as rose on every side.

We passed many villagers driving horses and donkeys, loaded with huge baskets of fish. These fish were minnows, only about two inches long, with shining, silvery sides. They are taken with the net, in countless numbers, along the shore of the sea, and sold for about half a cent a pound. They are so small that a hearty man requires at least a hundred for his dinner. During winter the villagers salt down a year's supply of them.

Besides these, a great variety of other fish

are taken from the Black Sea and found in the Trebizond market, among which none is more curious than the turbot. This is a large flat fish, shaped like a pumpkin seed. On first seeing this fish, one would suppose it would swim in the water with one thin edge up and the other thin edge down; for its back is near one edge, and its belly near the other. The positions of the mouth and tail also favor this manner of swimming. But you notice one side is white and the other black, as if, while swimming, it lay flat upon one side in the water. Examining it more closely, you find both the eyes are on the black side of the head, proving this to be its position, the black side up and white side down. As if a man's two eyes were on one side of his nose, so that he could walk sideways!

These fish differ from the English turbot in having numerous conical-shaped pieces of

bone scattered over the body, forming a strong armor. Its flesh is most excellent for food.

Reaching my stopping-place just at night, I was shown into a room with a large chimney-place on one side filled with blazing wood; for in this region there is plenty of wood. I seated myself before the fire, on a low stool, surrounded by the family and others who had come in to greet me, most of them busy knitting or spinning. After a little time, a small round, low table was brought in, having upon it several pieces of corn bread. In the region of Erzroom it is so cold the people do not attempt to raise Indian corn, and therefore corn bread is there unknown; but on the coast, among the villagers, there is little else but corn bread. A large wooden bowl full of milk was placed in the centre of the table and a wooden spoon laid opposite each person. After thanking God for thus kindly providing for us, the bread was broken into the milk,

and we all, each with his own spoon, began to eat out of the big bowl. The milk was sweet and rich, and the bread fresh and nice; and as I began to eat, with an appetite well sharpened by my afternoon's ride, I thought it was a feast fit to set before a king. After the bread and milk, we had baked beans and madzoon, and closed off with hazel-nuts for dessert.

After spending the evening in pleasant conversation, my kind entertainers spread a bed for me on the floor, and left me to occupy the room for the night. In the morning we were served with hot "hasty-pudding" or "mush," in the centre of which butter had been placed and melted. This was eaten by dipping a spoon of mush in the melted butter and carrying it to the mouth. After this came mush and milk in separate bowls, which is eaten by taking a little mush from one bowl and filling the spoon with milk from the other. This is

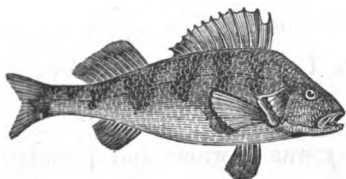
a very good way of eating "mush and milk" as the mush does not heat the milk, nor the milk cool the mush, as when they are thrown together.

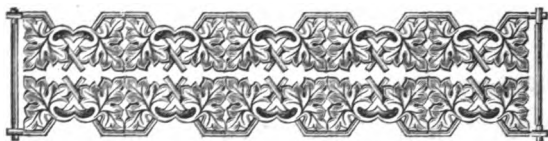
At the appointed time, we started for the chapel, which was some distance away. The villages in this region are not clusters of thirty, fifty, or a hundred houses, as in the vicinity of Erzroom. The houses here are scattered wide apart, only one or two standing in a place. They are also built of wood, with sloping roofs covered with shingles. The chapel was well filled with attentive listeners, — men, women, and children, — to whom I preached repentance and faith through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The day was so warm and pleasant, though only the middle of February, that, after meeting, I sat with some of the brethren on a spot of grass near the chapel, admiring the beautiful scenery around, while my dinner was pre-

paring. This consisted of chicken, boiled and broken into pieces, which we ate with our fingers; after which came corn bread and milk and beans, finishing off with nuts and apples.

We then returned to the house where I had passed the night, and after spending a season of prayer with the brethren, I returned to the city, delighted with the new and cheering experiences of the day.





CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

AS spring opened and the sun began to pour a new flood of light, warmth, and beauty on the silvery sea studded with white sails, on the glittering minarets, the tall, solemn cypresses, the beautiful gardens, and the thousands of houses of the city ; on the hills and valleys, waking them to new life, and clothing them with a brilliant dress of living green ; on the mountain summits, melting their snows and filling the brooks and rivers to overflowing, our hearts turned towards our Erzroom HOME and the dear work there. We longed to go back, and we even began to pack in preparation to do so. But medical advice again interposed, and

however dear the work, however destitute and desolated the field, reluctantly and sadly we must turn our backs on all, and seek health in our native land. Every stroke of the piston which carried us along went like a dagger to our hearts, and as we neared, our native shores, and began to see the dear old stars and stripes, baptized in so much precious blood, floating from so many points, and witnessed the enthusiasm of our fellow-voyagers on reaching home, we found it impossible to sympathize; for ourselves there were only crushed hopes and ruined expectations.

But thank God new hopes and expectations have sprung up in our breasts. The divine blessing has rested on the "Swedish Movement Cure," judiciously and skilfully applied by Dr. David Wark, of Saratoga Springs, and now, with restored health, we trust soon again to stand on Turkish soil, there to fight

against a superstitious and idolatrous religion wrongly named Christianity, there to assist in the overthrow of the base, sensual, and false doctrines of the lying prophet, which have so long held sway over so many millions of men, and to have a share in laying the foundation-stones, and in raising the superstructure, of a nobler, purer temple, even the true and living Church of Christ. We have the pledge of Heaven that that Church is destined to fill that as all other lands; it is already beginning to do so. To engage in such a work, is an *honor* infinitely superior to that conferred by earthly kings and cabinets; to see vast spiritual desolations transformed into gardens of the Lord, to see the Christian and only true civilization supplanting ignorance, idleness, and superstition, is a *happiness* which neither wealth nor social distinction nor fame can grant. To have a hand in these glorious changes, is a *joy* too thrilling for expression.

In view of such honor, happiness, and joy as these, and of the bright rewards of a future world, the hardships of missionary life become insignificant, — nay, they may be hailed and endured with pleasure, as contributing to work out a “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”



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